

# THE FAVORITE

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## LITTLE BROKEN SHOES.

BY NATHAN D. URBEN.

Where go you, little Broken Shoes?  
Your eyes are bright; what cheer?  
I am going around the corner, sir,  
To buy my mother some beer.  
Your mother, instead of drinking beer,  
Should buy you a pair of shoes.  
Well, I don't know. She has trouble enough.  
But I haven't much time to lose.

But your little toes peep out in the wind,  
Like mice from a cupboard crack;  
Your little nose is a nubbin of blue,  
And you've hardly a rag to your back.  
Well, what of that? Do you want a cove  
To have fifty jackets and things?  
So long as I'm cheery, and mother has beer,  
What odds if the cold wind stings?

When Pop was alive, before the War,  
And hunger and hard times pressed,  
I remember I used to whimper and cry  
To be even better dressed,  
Though snugly clad, and as neat and clean  
As the child of any man;  
But now, since mother's to work so hard,  
I stand it the best I can.

Sometimes I may cry in a corner alone  
To see her so tired and 'beat,'  
As she bends above the wash-tub's brim  
All day for the crusts we eat.  
But I'm always cheery to her, though I know  
She is washing her life away,  
And wringing her heart as she wrings the clothes,  
All through the sloppy day.

But it can't be always winter, you know;  
Better days in store may be;  
An' I winter or summer is all the same,  
For I'm always cheery, you see.  
Good-by and good luck, little Broken Shoes!  
Like a hero this life you begin.  
You won't starve in this whirligig world,  
If pluck and bottom can win.

Here is five-pence, to give you a lift;  
Now run for your mother's beer;  
And never you mind if the chill wind nips,  
You will never have cause to fear.  
Not I! I'm hearty and gamey, I am!  
All the days are alike to me.  
I suppose there's some good in everything,  
And—I'm always cheery, you see.

(For the Favorite.)

## HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,  
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

### ACT III.

DEAD.

### SCENE II.

MR. MORTON FINDS HIMSELF MISTAKEN.

Time, September fifth, eighteen hundred and seventy; place, Mr. Howson's residence in Sherbrooke Street.

Mr. Morton had not been able to carry out his intention with reference to Miss Howson during the past two weeks, for the reason that he had never been so fortunate as to find her alone. On the occasion of all his late visits he had been forced, somewhat unwillingly, to endure the company of either Mr. Johnson or Dr. Griffith, and sometimes of both.

I am afraid these trials did not sweeten Mr. Morton's temper, and he fervently wished both the doctor and Mr. Johnson could be transported to some remote portion of the earth, there to remain until he should desire their recall; he thought it very probable they would remain there some time.

The three or four visits during which he had encountered his two rivals for so he felt them to be, had served to confirm him in his determination to ask Miss Howson to be his wife. She had been kinder to him on his last visit than she had been for some time past, and Mr.



"SOMETHING SERIOUS TO SAY TO ME?"

Morton flattered himself there was a touch of tenderness in her tone when she asked him to "call again soon." He determined to take advantage of the invitation, and so, on the evening of this fifth day of September, although it was only three nights since he had seen her, he called again.

Fate was not any kinder to him on this occasion than on former ones, for on entering the parlor he found Dr. Griffith already there; however, this time he was the last caller, and he determined to quietly sit the doctor out.

The meeting between the two men was polite, but not very cordial. Charlie Morton had never quite got over his boyish distrust of Harry Griffith; he treated him as an old acquaintance and school-fellow, and to the outward eye they were great friends; but there was no bond of sympathy between them, and they never grew to be more than intimate acquaintances and nothing more.

There is a much broader gap between the meaning of an "intimate acquaintance" and "a friend" than most people suppose. One is a person whom we meet frequently, are always on pleasant terms with, trust, perhaps, to a small degree with some of our little secrets which are not very important; but we cannot place implicit confidence in him; we cannot open our secret soul to him, go to him for advice or comfort in the hour of need, place our

whole trust in in the hour of danger. Although our tastes may assimilate, our pursuits be almost the same, our intercourse constant and intimate, yet we never get beyond that imperceptible barrier which divides acquaintanceship, however intimate, from true friendship. The other is one whom we can trust fully and entirely, in whom we repose our whole confidence, and lay bare our most secret thoughts to, certain that we shall get an honest expression of opinion, well and kindly meant; it may not always be pleasant—a true friend's advice is frequently the reverse, for he will tell us our faults, which an acquaintance won't,—but there is a bond of sympathy between us which makes the most unpleasant pills go down, because we know they are intended for our good. Two such friends may have the ocean roll between them, but it will not wash away the bond that links them together; they may not see each other's faces for years, but the old kind feeling will remain; their tastes, interests, pursuits may differ, but that very difference frequently only serves to strengthen the bond; there is something more than mere companionship between them—they are friends; they can have trust and confidence in each other, and neither time nor distance will change the feeling. There is nothing like absence, or danger, or difficulties to test friendship; many persons walk through life apparently surrounded by friends, and yet

when the time of trial comes it is found that they are simply intimate acquaintances, nothing more. And so with marriage; many and many a couple go through life to the grave, and never get beyond the stage of intimate acquaintanceship; they have a transient passion for each other which they think is love, that wears off, there is no bond of sympathy between them, and they drift into intimate acquaintanceship, and never rise to the height of friendship. Husband and wife of all people in the world should be friends,—close, intimate, bosom friends,—and when they are not there is always danger of their union being an unhappy one; they may drift through life together without any serious mishap, but they are very apt to run aground on the first sandbank they meet.

Charlie Morton and Harry Griffith, from early associations, from circumstances and from habit, had reached the stage of intimate acquaintanceship, but they were destined never to pass it.

The evening at Mr. Howson's was not a very brilliant one. Mr. Howson "looked in" for a little while, and the doctor engaged him in a lively discussion about the war and other current topics, but Mr. Howson did not seem to relish it very much, and after half-an-hour's conversation, in which the doctor did nearly all the talking, he went off to his club, consoling himself with the reflection that Charlie's presence would have a neutralizing effect on the doctor's fascinations, and that he would not be able to attack Miss Annie's heart—which he strongly suspected he was doing—too severely that night.

Mr. Howson was an easy-going, quiet man, who was quite content to let things take their natural course, so long as that course was not highly improper; he was a man of very even temperament, but of strong will, and, when once he made up his mind on any subject, he was, to use a vulgarism, "as obstinate as a mule." He knew Miss Annie's weakness for flirting, but it gave him little uneasiness; he consoled himself by saying, "all women have a certain amount of devilment in them, and it is just as well if it comes out while they are young, they will make better wives and mothers for it by and by." So he troubled himself very little about Miss Annie's suitors, thinking that ere long she would get tired of having half-a-dozen strings to her bow, and be content to settle down into staid matrimony. On that point Mr. Howson had made up his mind, and it would take a great deal to cause him to change it.

After his departure matters did not improve very much in the parlor. The "neutralizing" process was strongly at work, and although everything went smoothly on the surface, each gentleman heartily wished the other at the bottom of the sea. As for Miss Howson, she would have preferred a *tête-à-tête* with her betrothed, but she also desired to have a quiet talk with Charlie Morton, for she had determined to solicit his assistance in gaining her father's consent to her engagement; she felt, therefore, very much like Captain Macheath in the Beggar's Opera:

"How happy I could be with either,  
Were 'tother dear charmer away."

There was some singing and playing and a good deal of conversation about nothing, but it was hard work to each of the three to talk, and what was said was neither very brilliant nor very new.

At last the little ormolu clock on the mantelpiece chimed out half-past ten, and the doctor, finding Morton was determined to sit him out, rose to go.

Miss Howson accompanied him to the door, and it seemed to Mr. Morton, who sat idly running his fingers over the keys of the piano, that it took much longer to say good-night than either necessity or politeness required; at last, however, she returned, with rather a heightened color, and seating herself at some little distance from the piano, said:

"Sing something for me, Charlie; you only sang once to-night."

"I don't feel like singing, Annie," he answered, changing his seat to one a little nearer to her. "I have something very serious to say to you."

"Something serious to say to me?" she asked in surprise, rising and facing him, "that is a strange coincidence, for I have something serious to say to you."

He did not notice the interruption, but went on:

"I want to ask you a very serious question,



one which will have a very great influence on both our future lives."

"Oh, don't, Charlie, please don't," she said, sinking back in her chair, and looking at him half in wonder, half in sorrow.

She knew he was going to propose to her, she could tell that; but it seemed so strange that he could sit there so calmly with his elbows resting on his knees and the tips of his fingers joined together, and make a formal proposal for her hand. A few days ago she would have laughed at him, but now she wanted his help and assistance, and she grew half-frightened as she thought that if she rejected him—as, of course, she must—he might use his influence with her father against her, and so increase the difficulty of gaining his consent to her engagement.

"It is a question," continued Mr. Morton calmly, although his voice quivered a little with suppressed emotion, "which I have for some time thought of putting to you, only I had not quite made up my mind whether it was best to do it or not; now I have made up my mind; Annie, the question is—will you be my wife?"

She buried her face in her hands, which were clasped on the back of the chair, and half moaned, "Oh, Charlie, please don't." He rose and crossed over to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I know I am considerably older than you are, Annie; indeed I feel almost like an old man when I remember that I used to know you when you were in short frocks, it seems so long ago, but you know the old adage, 'better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave.' I love you, Annie, as truly as man can love woman; I learned to love you when you were a little girl at school, and my love has gone on growing without my knowing it, until I feel as if it would be impossible for me to live without you. You used to love me when you were a little girl, Annie; tell me, has all that love departed with the short frocks, or is there a little bit left yet? Look up at me," he continued, placing his hand on her head and smoothing her hair, "look up at me and tell me if you still love me as you used to."

"I still love you, Charlie, as I used to when I was a little girl, as if you were my big brother; nothing more."

"And that is enough for the present; give me leave to try to teach you to love me better; I think I can succeed."

"No, no, Charlie, I can never be. I cannot be your wife?"

"Why?"

"Because—because I have promised to marry some one else."

"Engaged?"

He removed his hand from her head and returned to his seat, where he sat with his head leaning on one hand, thoroughly overcome by the suddenness of the blow. He knew Annie had been flirting with Johnson and Dr. Griffith both, as she had done with half-a-dozen others, but he did not think matters had gone so far as this. And with the knowledge that she was pledged to another, came also the knowledge that he loved her more truly, more deeply, and more devotedly than he had ever dreamed of. He sat stunned, and the hot tears almost started to his eyes.

"Oh, Charlie, I'm so sorry," said a soft voice beside him, half broken by a sob, and a little hand, white and plump, was laid on his shoulder. "I'm so sorry you should have taken it in your head to want to marry me, at least just at this time when I am in such trouble, and want your help so much, and now I can't ask it."

"In trouble, Annie; trouble that I can help you out of? Tell me what it is, child; you know I never refused you anything you asked me."

She pushed a low stool towards him and sat on it, resting her arm on his knee and looking up at him.

"You're so good, Charlie, and I'm so sorry for your disappointment, but I couldn't help it, you know, could I?"

"I suppose not, child; I've been a fool, that's all; but what is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to tell papa, and make him give his consent to my engagement."

It was very hard for him to promise that; it was hard enough to know that the girl he loved was engaged to another, but it was harder still to think that he should have to lend his assistance to enable that other to win her. Still he loved her so well that he cared only for her happiness, and as she sat at his feet time seemed to roll back, and she was again a little girl pleading to him to intercede with her father for some favor she wished to have granted. It was hard to see her another's, but if it was for her happiness, he was content.

"Are you sure you love this man, Annie?" he asked after a pause; "are you sure that you will be happy with him?"

"I never could be happy without him."

"Who is he?"

"Dr. Griffith."

Somehow he had felt from the moment she told him of her engagement that Griffith was the man, yet, now that she called him by name, he felt a strong and sudden aversion to the man, and he could not promise to use his influence with her father to gain his consent.

"I'm afraid papa don't like Harry," she continued, "but you were at school with him, and have known him all his life nearly; you can tell papa how good he is, won't you, Charlie?"

He paused for a few seconds, unwilling to refuse, and still more unwilling to consent. At last he said:

"I cannot promise to-night, Annie; you are

mistaken as to my knowing all about Harry Griffith's life; the ten most important years of his life are almost a blank to me. I will find out all I can about them, and then—perhaps—I—Oh, Annie," he exclaimed passionately, his love and grief breaking down his usually calm, quiet manner, "you don't know what you ask me to do when you ask me to help your marriage with another man. I never felt until this moment how much I love you and how hard and bitter it is to give you up; but I love you too well, child, to let my happiness stand in the way of yours; if you think you can be happier with this man than with me, I can only say, 'God grant it may be so,' but don't ask me to assist in accomplishing your marriage, at least not yet; give me a few days to think about it, then I will see you again; and now, good-night."

He raised her head from his knee, where she was rapidly changing the pattern of his pantaloons with her tears, and, drawing her to him, pressed his lips lightly on her forehead, and before she had time to say anything he had left the room.

### SCENE III.

#### DR. GRIFFITH FINDS HIMSELF FREE.

Time, September seventh, eighteen hundred and seventy; place, Griffith's residence in Longueuil.

Mrs. Griffith did not carry out her determination to remove to Montreal, for the reason that on the day after her interview with her husband, she found herself so ill as to be scarcely able to leave her room, and for over a week she was compelled to keep in the house.

Dr. Griffith was very attentive to her during this time, visiting her almost daily and striving hard to show a love for her which he did not feel. He did not attend her professionally himself, he called himself "Mr." Griffith in Longueuil and dropped the "Doctor"—but called in the aid of a village practitioner who pronounced Mrs. Griffith very weak, and advised her to keep very quiet for a few days.

On the sixth the baby was born; a poor weak little girl with scarce strength enough in it to breathe the fresh air of heaven. Dr. Griffith was with Mamie at the time and remained with her that night and the following day and night. She was very ill; the village doctor gave but little hope of her recovery, and the disconsolate husband appeared greatly afflicted; but there was a demon of joy dancing in his heart, and he could have thanked God for saving him from a crime, only he had forgotten how to thank God years ago.

All that day of the seventh he watched by her, apparently with the deepest solicitude, but really he was watching her with a cat-like stealthiness dreading to see any signs of improvement. She was very feeble and could scarcely speak, but it seemed to give her great pleasure to have her husband with her; she expected to die, and told him so, committing her two children to his care and praying him to fill as nearly as possible her place to them; he tried to comfort her, and even attempted to laugh away her fears, but there was no heartiness in his voice and only the blindest love could have thought that he meant the words he said.

But Mamie's love was blind now; in the hour which drew her close to the grave, as she thought, she forgave and forgot all his past neglect, all his coldness, all his unkindness; she could only remember that he was her husband, the father of her children, and that he had loved her once; and, when he whispered "Try to live for me, darling," she believed the felt he words he uttered, that his old love was returning, and she humbly prayed that her life may be spared, and that she may prove a source of joy and comfort to him in the future.

The day of the seventh was murky and overcast, the sun seemed ashamed to shine out boldly and only showed his face occasionally for a few minutes; it rained fitfully and the wind sighed mournfully through the trees surrounding the cottage; altogether it was a very disagreeable day and one calculated to depress the spirits. Dr. Griffith was fully conscious of its enervating influence, and after supper he went for a short walk to try and drive away the feeling of depression which was fast stealing over him. He felt "out of sorts" and tried air and exercise to invigorate him.

Mamie was asleep when he returned, but the nurse told him that the village doctor had called during his absence and given her a sleeping draught.

"And he says, sir, that she looks a little better, and if she passes a good night there will be no danger," she added as he turned towards his wife's room.

He stood by the bedside for some minutes gazing intently at her, but he did not seem to see her, his gaze was fixed far, far beyond in that dim and distant future which we are all trying to read, but whose mysteries we cannot pierce. At last he aroused himself with a start and watched her attentively as she slept, calm and peaceful as a little child. Her breathing was soft and regular and the faintest tinge of color was returning to her cheeks; he carefully took her wrist in his hand and counted the pulse; it was very weak, but it was regular and fast assuming a healthy tone, it was clear that the fever was abating and Mamie's chances of life were largely increasing.

"Curse her," he muttered, "the doctor is right, she will live, and if she lives what am I to do?"

He returned to the parlor and sat for a while thinking deeply; a basket containing some

knitting was lying on the table where Mamie had left it when she was taken ill; mechanically he began playing with its contents, pulling over the work without noticing what he was doing. It was a little jacket she had been knitting for the baby she expected, and the pins had been left sticking in the large ball of scarlet worsted; he pulled one of the pins out and began idly pushing it in and pulling it out of the ball; again and again he stuck it, sometimes with a fierce stab as if he was driving it into the heart of an enemy, sometimes with gentle carefulness as if testing the amount of resistance the fluffy substance offered to the blunt point of the instrument; that bright little rod of glittering steel seemed to possess a curious fascination for him, and he sat playing with it until the clock tolled out the hour of midnight. He rose feeling hot and feverish and opened the window to let in the cooling air, but still he held the little piece of steel in his hand, and still the thought was ringing in his ears, "if she lives what am I to do?" He turned from the window and approached his wife's room.

"Half-an-hour will tell now," he said, "if she awakes from this sleep with the fever gone, the doctor will be right and she will live; and if she lives what am I to do?"

"It is a terrible blow, my dear sir, a very terrible blow, but not quite unexpected; you must endeavor to bear it with fortitude and not give way to your feelings too freely. We must all die, it is natural to die, sir, and we all have to do it at some time or other. The case was a bad one from the commencement, great prostration, never saw a person more thoroughly prostrated in my life, to be sure I did have some hope last night, she seemed to be rallying a little, but it was only momentary, the last struggle, the final flickering up of life before it went out forever. It is sad, sir, very sad to lose so estimable a lady, but we must all die."

It was the village doctor who spoke, and the scene was Mamie's bed-room. How still and solemn it seemed in the early morning light, and how awful in its terrible quiet seemed that rigid figure lying on the bed. So cold, so calm, so still; a slight smile still hung around the lips where it had been frozen by the icy hand of death; the eyes were closed, and the face was calm and peaceful; death must have come without a struggle, and the spirit have winged its way to its Creator without pain. Very peaceful and placid it looked in the grey tints of morning, very happy and contented to die; but terrible, oh, fearfully terrible to the one who knelt covering by the bedside, his face hidden in his hands and convulsive sobs shaking his whole frame; he was free, he had attained the end for which he had hoped and plotted; the one barrier to his union with Annie Howson was removed; but as Harry Griffith knelt by that still, placid figure he would have given up all his schemes, forfeited all his hopes, abandoned all his plans if he could only have put the life back into that inanimate clay.

It was the reaction after the long strain on his nerves which caused the sudden outburst of feeling, the village doctor had witnessed, more than any strong returning passion for the dead; for a few minutes he really did feel that he could give up all to restore her to life once more, but it soon passed, and the cold, hard feeling of joy that the one obstacle in his way had been removed, returned, and he rose from his knees without one feeling of pity or sorrow in his heart for the one who had been cut off in the pride of her womanhood.

The baby did not long survive its mother, and on the day following mother and child were buried in one grave in the village churchyard. Dr. Griffith attended the funeral and mourned as became a bereaved husband and father, and a few of the villagers with whom Mamie had become acquainted during her brief sojourn amongst them also attended out of respect, and were not surprised at the depth of emotion shown by the new made widower. Harry Griffith was a good actor, and few could have imagined that his grief was not real and that under the outward garb of sorrow there was a devilish joy filling his heart; all danger was passed now, and he would win "Annie Howson and one hundred thousand dollars."

After the funeral Dr. Griffith had the cottage closed up, discharged the servants with handsome presents for their care of their dead mistress, and took his little girl over to Montreal with him. That afternoon Fan was placed in the Hochelaga convent, where he had determined to leave her until he made up his mind as to what her future life was to be, and he returned to his office on Beaver Hall Hill for the first time in four days.

He found two notes awaiting him; one was from Annie reproaching him for his neglect in not calling on her, and asking him to see her immediately as she had something important to communicate; the other ran as follows:

MONTREAL, September 9th, 1870.

DEAR DOC,—Having been out of the city on business for the past ten days has prevented my calling on you sooner. You will be glad to hear that I have found the gal—of course you'll be glad, you said so, and as I'm a perfect gentleman myself I always believe what another gentleman says. I've found her for certain—how is that for high, Doc? She's living over in Longueuil—how is that for low, Doc? She is visited constantly by a Mr. Griffith—how is that for Jack, Doc? and I'm coming to see you to-morrow evening to get my five hundred dollars—how is that for game, Doc? Five hundred dol-

lars aint much considering the stakes you're playing for; but, I am a perfect gentleman and as that was the sum agreed on, it will do for the present. Eight o'clock sharp I'll be with you, until then

I remain,  
Yours to command,  
JAMES HARWAY.

The letter was written in a sprawling, irregular shaky hand, as if the writer was not very much given to correspondence, and his nerves were rather unsteady; the odor of stale tobacco hung palpably about it, and on one corner was the unmistakable impress of a wet glass, which had probably been placed there to hold the paper steady.

Dr. Griffith smiled in a quiet, satisfied way as he read the note, and then tore it into small pieces and threw them into the empty grate.

"All right, my delapidated friend," thought he, "you can come as soon as you please now, you are too late, for I am free now and by to-morrow night, if I mistake not, I shall have no cause to care how soon it is known that Mamie Morton who not drowned six years ago, but was buried to-day in Longueuil cemetery."

He ate his supper with a good appetite, smoked a cigar with apparent relish and started about half-past seven to pay a visit to Miss Howson.

(To be continued.)

### THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW.

The chimney swallow is easily known by its deeply forked tail, the ruddy hue on its throat, and its lightish tinted breast. The rapid movements of the bird—its sudden darts and turns, now up, now down, over the observer's head, and then skimming the ground in long, arrow-like flights—present a specimen of a living machine in beautiful and perfect action. But, notwithstanding this power of flight, the birds are sometimes completely exhausted by their journeys across the sea. They can battle for a long time with the mere force of a tempest, but when the blast is both cold and strong, the winged voyagers are almost paralysed. A whole army of swallows will then crowd the rigging of some lonely ship, clinging for hours to ropes and spars, until recovered strength again enables them to obey the "forward" impulse. No wonder if these beings of summer chimes sometimes marvel at the rough treatment received in our ruder latitudes. A cutting "north-easter" is no smiling reception for a creature which has been basking for months in the sun of Egypt. The result may amaze the swallows, but human philosophy can explain it all. They perish by thousands in such years. On one bitter spring day, a gentleman picked up in the course of his morning's walk ninety-two chimney swallows, not dead, but benumbed by the cold. Being placed in a warm hamper, they all recovered, and flew off the next day. On another occasion numbers were found on the window-sills of a country house, heaped on each other five or six deep. Instinct had clearly led them to seek aid from man.—*Cassell's Popular Educator.*

### A THOUGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

On the whole, it was well that the bells were rung, that wise men, like the magi of old on the first Christmas morning, bore gifts to childhood, that good wishes were exchanged, that feasts were spread, that the churches were filled with worshiping and rejoicing crowds, and that, for one day, all Christendom was bright with happiness and resonant with congratulations. It is well, too, to be sorry for those who, bound to the science of materials, have no comprehension of the science of morals and of history,—to pity those who, recognizing no facts but those apprehensible by the senses, fail to find the life and love which inform them, and ignore a revelation of truths of which the senses take no cognizance. For the bells will ring on through all the generations with finer and fuller music on every coming Christmas; the hands of those now unborn will blossom with richer gifts than those which bless our children; congratulations will fill all the lands and all the homes of the world, and our blessed fable will live until it shall be decked with all the laurels of Science, and until Reason shall be a devout learner at the feet of Faith. The one reforming, purifying, humanizing and saving influence of the world will not be outlived or outlaid. Even if its perpetuity depended upon the suffrages of humanity—which it does not—humanity cannot afford its sacrifice and will not consent to it.—*Scribner's.*

Laughing-gas is nothing new; but the "laughing-plant" is a novelty. It is a native of Arabia, grows about six inches high, and bears yellow flowers. Two or three black seeds are produced, which, when pulverized and administered, operate in a curious way. For about an hour the person who has taken it laughs, sings, dances, and conducts himself in the most ludicrous and extravagant manner. After the excitement has passed he falls into a profound slumber, on awaking from which he is unconscious of what has occurred.

Somebody inquiring at the Springfield (Illinois) Post-office for a letter for Mike Howe, received the gruff answer that there was no letter there for anybody's cow.



For the Favorite.

## THE INSPIRATION OF SONG.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Her turret hung above a glassy lake,  
And in all ages changeless thus had stood;  
About its foot dark laurels and a brake  
Of gleaming bay, eternal zephyrs wooed.  
Up by the battlements there climbed a vine,  
Gemm'd with great roses that the eye of morn  
Look'd on the birth of; but there came no time  
That saw them die, or one bright petal shorn!

Centuries that on the world breath'd but decay  
Wheel'd their slow flight, and from their heavy  
wings  
Smote on its walls a light that pal'd the day,  
A light such as a lightened diamond flings!  
Sheer from a bank of violets sprang the walls,  
And climb'd from thence above the lordliest trees,  
Until their hoary foreheads caught the rose  
And gold of far-off Heaven; and the breeze—

Swept from the spirit-city harmonies,  
Faint-voic'd thro' starry distances, that fell  
In stronger echoes from the rocky walls,  
And swept abroad o'er city, moor and dell,  
And by a casement bright'ning in the wall,  
With fine-flam'd diamonds lattic'd, sat the Queen,  
From age to age more beautiful, and look'd  
To where a road the bay-trees wound between.

Whiter than whitest dove her flowing robe  
Of precious samite, and the border round  
Glow'd with all rarest gems of every hue;  
And at her feet, crouch'd on the pearly ground,  
A tawny lion with a mane that toss'd  
In golden tempests round his awful eyes,  
Lay placid, as her pointed fingers struck  
From her tall lyre a sound of Paradise.

Her deep and lambent eyes were ever fix'd  
On the white road that glimmer'd far below.  
Th' immortal roses glow'd about her head;  
A starry radiance shook above her brow.  
Along the road, that was no common way,  
But led to heights where Fanes, all bath'd in light,  
Held thrones for those that won, pilgrims there  
pass'd  
In humblest weed or gorgeously bedight.

As pass'd each one beneath the tower'd wall,  
And rais'd his dazzl'd gaze to woo her eyes  
That at the casement sat, she brake a rose  
And breath'd upon it till its crimson dyes  
Leap'd into warmer fire. "Take it," she sang, and  
cast  
It meteor-glancing to the outstretch'd hand  
Of him below; and so content he pass'd  
And journeyed to the distant-lying land.

And each one bore a Lyre. Some that caught  
The Queen's fair flower plac'd it on the breast;  
Then warbling strains breath'd from the Lyre and  
sang  
Of Love, of sweet-eyed Love, fair Joy and Rest.  
And some there were that twinn'd the flower amid  
Cold gems that twinkl'd on the high, pale brow;  
Then burst the Lyre to trumpet-tones and sang  
Of Power, high-deeds, and Fame's Eternal glow!

And some there were that crush'd the flower be-  
tween  
Gross palms that burn'd and sapp'd its charm'd  
life;  
Then fire-eyed Madness struck the clanging strings,  
Charm'd Vices to fairer form, more vivid life.  
And rife the World became with Demons mask'd  
In Seraph brightness; and so towards the Fane  
That held the thrones, the Pilgrims singing pass'd,  
Across the misty glories of the Plain.

PETERBORO'.

## THE FATE OF PETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

It is a doleful history, comprising more misery  
in a small way than is to be found in any of the  
other minor accidents of life; as most people  
can tell for themselves, or may see in the  
"heartbroken utterances," which appear in pa-  
pers like "The Animal World."

Indeed, if we do sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the fate of pets,  
How some were drown'd at sea, some stolen by  
thieves,  
Some dead of grief for loss of those they loved,  
Some poisoned by their foes, some sleeping slain."

We shall find that though, like poor Richard II.'s  
kings, they were not "all murdered," their fates  
are hardly less tragic.

Here are a few of the dolorous ends which  
have come within my own knowledge, and any  
one conversant with beasts could add to the list  
by scores.

A gentleman high in office in the East had an  
infant tiger brought to him after a royal hunt in  
which the mother had been slain. It was about  
the size of a large kitten, but more bulky, more  
solidly and heavily framed. It was still in the  
sucking stage of existence, was brought up by  
hand, and grew extremely playful and amusing.  
There is something particularly piquant in the  
innocent infancy of beasts or prey, in the un-  
conscious possessors of such enormous powers  
of mischief in the future, in nursing tiger cubs  
or playing with a baby Czarovitch or an infant  
Sultan; and the ambassador loved the beautiful  
lithe, graceful, young-terrible well, with the  
deep brown stripes on his tawny back, and broad  
black and white streaked whiskered  
muzzle. It became very fond of its master, and  
followed him all about the house, mewing much  
like a cat, and lying on its back with its four  
paws in the air to be caressed.

By-and-by, as the beast grew larger and  
stronger day by day, the play became fiercer,  
the tap with his great paw, even with sheathed  
claws and amiable intentions, was no joke.  
When he opened his lips at the morsel and showed

his ranges of beautiful white teeth, the horrible  
grim struck terror into the attendant dark men.  
The "Sahib tiger" was treated with great re-  
spect, but his temper became uncertain. Once  
in his wrath he killed a dog, and there was no  
knowing with whom his majesty might next  
be angry. His extraordinary muscular strength  
was developing fast, and one day, lying on his  
back with his four paws raised, he suddenly  
sprung up after a dog that had offended him,  
without turning or touching the ground.

The dark men in his service entreated that  
my lord might at least be shut up; this was  
done, but the beast grew so enraged at his cap-  
tivity that his master once more let him out,  
saying, "He was still but a child tiger, and  
harmless if he was let alone; it was the fault of  
those who teased him if he behaved ill." As  
he himself only came across the *palte-de-velours*  
side of the tiger's character, he would not be-  
lieve the stories told against his pet. His own  
bedroom opened on to a veranda looking into  
a court, round which the house was built, after  
the fashion of the East. At the beginning of  
the night the tiger lay on a carpet spread  
for him in the veranda itself. As the night  
grew cooler he crept quietly in and made  
himself comfortable within the room, and when  
it became almost cold (the time was winter) he  
mounted upon his master's bed and cuddled  
close up behind him. Who could resist the  
charm of such amiable, gentle manners from  
the owner of such fangs and claws?

Still, however, he grew more and more fierce  
to the outside world; fitfully his enormous  
strength came out in his rough play; his roar  
shook the soul of the black men; the glare of  
his eyeballs turned them green with fear; more  
than once he had knocked down a man, with-  
out as yet intending malice.

At length it came to pass that the great Sahib  
himself went out for an unusual number of  
hours or days; when he returned he found his  
savage pet writhing in tortures of pain. No one  
would account for what had happened, or give  
the smallest explanation of the creature's state.  
It was evident, however, that poison had been  
used. He was near his end; the groans grew  
weaker and weaker, and the beast died licking  
the hands of his master, helpless to give him  
any relief. It went ill with the Persian suite  
that evening.

Number two of the pets of my friends was a  
squirrel, which had fallen in its infancy out of  
a nest in a pine wood. It, too, was brought up  
by hand, at first a little hairless thing, with a bare  
tail like a rat's, but gradually putting on its  
furry coat with white waistcoat and bushy  
train. A bright-eyed, graceful, quick-tempered,  
agile little companion. Its favorite haunt in  
winter was up the wide sleeve of its mistress's  
gown, where it would lie comfortably perdu in  
the warmth for hours. One cold day she was  
going to church, and did not like to disturb it;  
but when once safely within her pew, and the  
service had begun, it became evident, to her  
horror, that the squirrel had taken a particular  
dislike to the sound of the preacher's voice and  
the noise of the singing. He kept up a low sup-  
pressed hiss whenever a passage struck him as  
not to his taste, and scolded sometimes so loud  
that she was afraid that her neighbors would  
think her possessed, and that she would have  
to walk out in the middle of the service.

The squirrel never went to church again.  
He always appeared at dessert, and was al-  
lowed to run about the table, when he never  
overthrew or disturbed anything, but deftly  
creeped in and out among the glass and the  
dishes, or sat up on his little hind legs, and took  
what was given him, handling a nut in his fore-  
paws with delicate precision, cracking it with  
his sharp teeth, his merry little head on one  
side, and an occasional sweep of his beautiful  
brush of a tail.

His great delight was to mount on to the  
highest cornice or curtain-rod he could find, and  
sit chattering in triumph, or to run up the  
shoulders of his friends, and sit upon their  
heads.

His mistress was so afraid of his coming in  
harm's way that she took him out with her vi-  
siting, and one day in a strange house she put  
the squirrel in his cage on the top of a chest of  
drawers, and locked the door of her bedroom.  
When she returned, she found that the dog of  
the house, who must treacherously have se-  
creted himself under the bed for the fell pur-  
pose, had pulled down the cage, broken it open,  
and was hard at work worrying the poor little  
inmate, which was at the point of death when  
its mistress came in only in time to rescue the  
body, and have the melancholy satisfaction of  
burying the remains decently.

Case number 3 regards a pair of small ring-  
tailed monkeys, which were sent as a present  
from their native home to a lad at college. They  
were of that charming little kind, described as  
"consisting of four legs and a tail, tied in a knot  
in the middle, the tail the most important mem-  
ber of the concern." They were landed in Lon-  
don, and sent to the town house of the family  
who happened to be from home. The butler,  
not much pleased at their sight, shut the new  
arrivals up in the pantry alone for the night. It  
was late autumn, there was no fire, no comfort,  
no care, and the next morning the little mon-  
keys were discovered locked in each other's  
arms, and quite dead.

To tell of the parrot whose unused wings did  
not save him from dying by a fall out of a win-  
dow; the lap-dogs which have been overrun by  
carriages, suffocated, bitten, drowned; how the  
poodle-dog belonging to the wife of a governor-  
general fell overboard and was swallowed by a  
shark—would all be too "long to tell and sad to  
trace;" and as a relief to my own and my read-

ers' feelings, here is a story of a less harrowing  
description.

A busy man, who once wanted to finish some  
literary work, took refuge for the purpose in a  
quiet out-of-the-way French town, where he set  
up his quarters at a comfortable auberge, with  
a pleasant garden. Therein he fraternized with  
a small pet owl which had lost its leg. It hopped  
about after him in its own fashion, and was  
most affable and companionable, and a great  
resource in the limited amusements of the  
place.

At last, one day, he missed his friend, and  
hunted up and down vainly for her for some  
time. He had just finished his work, and had  
given warning that he should leave the next  
day, and demanded his bill. He ate his last  
dinner, where there figured a curious little  
round morsel of game, "bien accommodé,"  
with sauce, but which struck him as having no  
legs.

"What bird is this?" he said to the servante,  
but she was suddenly called away.

When the landlord brought up his account  
that night—"By-the-bye," said the guest,  
"what is become of that nice little owl I was so  
fond of?"

"Monsieur," said the host, going on with the  
bill, "has been content of the service?"

"Quite satisfied," replied the Englishman;  
"but I am very sorry about the owl; what is  
become of her?"

"Monsieur has had his potage, his roti, his  
deux, and his gibier each day he has been  
here?"

"Yes, yes," said the other impatiently; "but  
about the owl?" A horrible suspicion crossed  
his mind.

"Monsieur, on this the last day, behold, with  
all my possible efforts, I could get no game,  
alas, for Monsieur's dinner!"

"What!" cried the horrified guest, "you did  
not kill the little owl for me?"

"Oh, non, Monsieur! Il est mort tout seul!"

The stealing of pet dogs has become a regular  
trade, or rather an art, according as it is now  
pursued, the stalking of the master or mistress,  
so as to know all their haunts, and time the  
exact instant most propitious for the capture of  
the well-watched beast. While the calculations,  
upon the most refined psychological principles  
of the precise moment when the agony of the  
bereaved will bring about the highest amount  
of reward,—how not to offer hopes too soon,—  
and not to delay too long, all this has reached  
the dignity of an exact science. "How do you  
settle the amount to be asked, is it according to  
the breed of the dog?" said the fleeced but hap-  
py recoverer of a beloved pug to the trader.  
"Oh no, sir, we do it by the feeling of the  
party."

Perhaps the only really happy and satisfactory  
pets are wild animals, which lead their own  
natural lives, obtaining food by their own exer-  
tions, but adding a friendship for man and an oc-  
casional luxury at his hands to their usual course  
of woodland existence. A squirrel in this way  
has been known to enter the open window every  
morning where a family were breakfasting, run  
up the back of the master, and nestle in his  
coat-collar, when it received a nut.

Besides these are such creatures as are kept  
for use, not for play, who, even though their  
food be found for them, are quite unspoiled by  
luxury, and lead a life of independent usefulness  
as the help-mates and companions of man. A  
colly dog, on whom the most important part of  
his shepherd master's work depends, the retrie-  
ver, who "can do anything but speak," these  
are friends, hardly to be degraded into pets.

The faculty of taming wild animals, which  
some men possess in so remarkable a degree,  
would be worth studying more accurately—with  
some it seems to depend on the strength of the  
instinctive part which we share with the ani-  
mal creation. A deaf and dumb man has been  
known to possess it to a great degree. With  
others it seems to depend upon patience, quiet  
tenderness, and a determined will.

An old man who led a secluded life in an an-  
cient house, in the midst of trees and fields,  
might be seen with the robins, tomtits, &c.,  
perched on his shoulders and taking crumbs out  
of his mouth.

A more extraordinary proof of confidence in  
birds was to be witnessed one year in the  
crowded Tuilleries gardens. An old man in very  
shabby dress might be seen any day summon-  
ing birds from the trees and houses round:  
pigeons, sparrows, thrushes, &c., came flying up,  
fluttered over his head, alighted on his hat, his  
shoulders and arms, and sat there caressing  
him. He did not feed them, at least ostensibly,  
and when, after a time, he had had apparently  
enough of their company, with a wave of his  
hand he dismissed his court, which all flew  
quietly away at the signal. They wanted ap-  
parently nothing but friendliness from him, and  
on his part it was not done for money, but sim-  
ply for his own pastime, and when the recep-  
tion was over he walked away among the  
crowd, which seemed too well used to the sight  
to heed it much.

In general, however, we are too stupid in our  
intercourse with animals to attempt to under-  
stand the language they use, or to try to perfect  
the signs by which they are to interpret our  
wishes; although the occasional instances, often  
accidental, show how much might be done in  
this way.

A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison,  
and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its  
mistress's help. The fever and heat were so  
great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of  
water, an almost unheard-of proceeding in a  
water-hating cat. She wrangled it in wet linen,  
fed it with gruel, nursed it and doctored it all

the day and night after. It recovered, and could  
not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One  
evening she had gone upstairs to bed, when a  
mew at the window roused her, she got up and  
opened it, and found the cat which had climbed  
a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a  
mouse in its mouth. This it laid as an offering  
at its mistress's feet and went away. For above  
a year it continued to bring these tributes to  
her. Even when it had kittens they were not  
allowed to touch this reserved share, and if they  
attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a  
little tap, "that is not for thee." After awhile,  
however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked  
the giver with a pleased look and restored the  
mouse, when the cat permitted her children to  
take the prey which had served its purpose in  
her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of grati-  
tude, remembered for months after, quite disin-  
terested, and placed above the natural instincts  
(always strong in a cat) towards her own off-  
spring.

If the question of the capabilities of animals,  
their affections and powers of memory, both  
evidently great—their degree of ideality, often  
in a dog very strong—the amount of their rea-  
soning power, i. e. of foreseeing the consequences  
of an action and guarding against them, or ac-  
complishing a new and untried object, were as  
studied as it might be in the very intimate in-  
tercourse existing between pets and their mas-  
ters, much would be done towards reconciling  
outsiders to that very exclusive relation, and  
making pets an interest instead of a nuisance  
to the public in general, as is now too often their  
fate.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WALL PAPER.—Consider-  
able progress has been made, says the *Medical  
Press and Circular*, in the production of a sub-  
stitute for wall paper that would be a boon to  
hospitals as well as private houses. The new  
wall decorations to supersede paper-hangings  
and paint are thin sheets of metal painted over  
by a patented process. They are artistic in ap-  
pearance, like most French products, and said  
to be durable. Tinfoil in sheets, the thickness  
of ordinary writing-paper, is the material on  
which this new style of mural decoration, in-  
cluding gilding, is executed. Tinfoil is pliable  
and supple, sufficiently tough not to be easily  
torn, and offers a smooth and uniform surface.  
It forms an excellent base for the work executed  
upon it. It also possesses the advantage of being  
waterproof, a property well known to architects  
and builders, who frequently use it to cover  
damp walls, on which, without that covering,  
any decorative work would soon perish. The  
process of executing the painting on tin offers  
no difficulty. The sheets are manufactured of  
a width and in lengths suitable to their applica-  
tion on the surfaces to be covered. At the  
manufactory in Paris the ordinary widths made  
use of are from 30 to 40 inches, and the length  
five metres, or rather more than five yards. The  
application of the painted metallic hangings to  
either wood, stone, plaster, or iron surfaces  
offers no difficulty. The operation is some-  
what similar to putting up paper-hangings, with  
this difference—that with the latter the paper is  
pasted over at the back before being hung, and  
with the former the surface to be decorated is  
covered with a thin coat of adhesive varnish, on  
which, after it has been left to dry partially,  
the painted tin is affixed with great ease. So  
little is the difficulty that any skilled paper-  
hanger can, after a few hours' practice, do the  
work successfully. From the extreme flexibility  
of tinfoil, mouldings and cornices are covered  
with the metallic hangings in the most perfect  
manner, and with a smoothness of surface and  
sharpness of outline at the edge and mitres  
which the painter's brush cannot rival. The  
varnish used for fixing the material is of the  
nature of gold size, but more adhesive. Being  
of itself "hydrofuge," it adds to the protection  
of the paint against damp. If all this be true,  
we may well wish the patentees success.

CURIOUS BETS.—Lord Mountfere and Sir John  
Bland staked twenty guineas a side upon the  
lives of two noted men, the former backing  
Beau Nash to outlive Colley Cibber. The com-  
edian died in 1757, at the age of eighty-six, and  
the beau in 1761, aged eighty-seven, but before  
the first event came about both the wagers com-  
mitted suicide. At the house of Sir Mark Sykes,  
the conversation turned upon the dangers to  
which Bonaparte was exposed, and the host  
offered to take a hundred guineas from any one  
of the company, and pay back a guinea a day  
as long as Bonaparte lived. The Rev. B. Gilbert  
accepted the offer, and paid down his hundred  
guineas. For three years he received his guinea  
a day regularly enough, then the baronet grew  
tired of his bad bargain, and refused to continue  
his payments. The clergyman brought an action  
to compel Sir Mark to fulfil his agreement.  
The Court decided that as the wager created an  
undue interest in the preservation of the life of  
a public enemy, and, on the other hand, held  
out an inducement to plot his assassination, it  
tended to produce public mischief, and was  
therefore illegal. Wagers have sometimes  
proved fatal to the unconscious subjects of them.  
Sir Thomas Hoste, of Aston, riding home from  
the hunting field with some friends, extolled his  
cook's punctuality in such extravagant fashion  
that he was badgered into risking a considerable  
sum upon it. Unluckily, for the first time, the  
cook was behind time with his dinner. Enraged  
at the jeers of his visitors, the irate Sir Thomas  
made for the kitchen, took up a cleaver lying  
too ready, and with one blow killed his unhappy  
servant.



## THE FLOWER AND THE SUN.

The sun one summer's day had softly wooed  
A white carnation, with his golden gleams;  
But all in vain—for she, the pretty prude,  
Would not be warmed to love by sunny beams:  
For white carnations coyness express—  
No flower coy as she was ever found.  
She strove to hide amid a pretty tress  
Of gentle maiden hair that grew around.  
She seemed too timorous to meet his gaze;  
And as he smiled upon her from above,  
Oh, for some kindly hand her crest to raise,  
As drooped her head before his ardent love.

A rain-cloud wept for him: that flood of tears—  
As unrequited he was seeking rest—  
That stream whose bosom floats both hopes and fears

Found a response while falling on her breast.  
She raised her head; the dying sunbeams rushed  
With ruddy joy forth from the cloud above;  
They shining on her, the carnation blushed  
Into a pink one, or a woman's love!  
Rejoicing Nature testified the while  
His beaming gladness in an arched smile.

## LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## PREPARING FOR THE NUPTIALS.

Lady Ida and her father were at issue respecting her marriage, for which an early day was appointed. The bride elect, mindful of promises made to intimate friends, proposed that the ceremony be celebrated at St. George's, with all the *éclat* a dozen bridesmaids, &c., could give to it; while the Earl—pleading his lady's delicate health, and the estrangement still existing between him and his son—wished for a more quiet affair, at the church adjoining his own estate. Darcy chose to be passive in the discussion that arose; he really cared very little whether he espoused Ida in the country or in town, and eventually the will of the young lady prevailed.

The remonstrances of Darcy, and a strong desire to see his sister happily married, combined to bring Percy from his seclusion, and a hollow reconciliation took place between him and his parents. The Earl was shocked to see him looking pale and hollow-eyed, but attributed it to the dissipated life he had been leading; while Ida and her mother were too much absorbed with bridal finery to notice his wasted hands, or the cough that racked his attenuated frame; only Darcy watched him with great anxiety, and refused to be satisfied with ambiguous replies to his questions.

"It is no use telling me that you are not ill, while I see you so weak and spiritless. You must consent to see a physician."

He was about to ring the bell, when Darcy prevented it.

"My dear fellow, I wish you'd let me alone. If I choose to consider myself well, why strive to convince me to the contrary? I have seen a physician, and he was frank enough to tell me that he could not cure me. Now are you satisfied?"

"By no means. I must know the name of this incurable malady, before I place any degree of faith in this inability of the medical profession to cope with it."

"I'll whisper it to you before I die," said Percy, smiling sadly. "The doctors who care to earn their fees would tell you that I am nervous, or bilious, or consumptive; but why should I—who know to the contrary—swallow their nauseous doses?"

"For the satisfaction of your friends, who are more hopeful of your recovery than you profess to be," Darcy promptly replied. "Let me send for Gilmore or Percival, and let them prescribe for you?"

"Darcy is right," said the Earl, in whose study this conversation had taken place. "It is but a poor sign of penitence to throw health recklessly away."

Percy bit his lips at this allusion to his past life, but he did not resent it. He had grown wonderfully gentle and forbearing, clinging to the society of his cousin with all the affection of earlier days. Whether he cherished an attachment for Lestelle, or whether he visited her during those hours the Countess and Ida devoted to visits and visitors, Darcy could not summon courage to ask; and the Earl was equally silent on the subject.

One morning, Percy was sitting over the fire, which had been lighted on purpose for him, shivering and coughing every time the door was opened, and yet taking a vivid interest in the instructions for settlements which the Earl's solicitor was receiving from the bridegroom.

Lord Glenaughton lay back in his easy chair, seldom speaking, but wearing a look of supreme satisfaction at the progress of affairs. Once only he deprecated Darcy's very generous intentions.

"This is too much, my dear boy. If Ida's dowry had been larger, it might have been settled on the younger children, and then—"

But now Percy interrupted.

"Why not increase the sum you named for my sister's dowry, sir? Let us be as just as we can."

The Earl looked annoyed at his brusquerie.

"It is on your account, or, rather, through your extravagance, that I am obliged to act with less liberality than I intended."

"But I shall want nothing more from you, father, except a grave," his son replied; "and Darcy will make a better use of your money than I should. Put down the other ten thousand pounds, Mr. Yately."

But Darcy laid his hand on the papers, for he saw that the speech had terribly unnerved the Earl.

"Let us defer all further discussion of the £5,000 till to-morrow."

Mr. Yately started up with alacrity, and put his spectacles into his pocket. "The very thing I was wishing to propose; for I have an appointment at Lyle Street, at noon. Are you walking that way, Mr. Lesmere? I should be glad to say a few words to you in private."

Darcy looked surprised, for the solicitor looked significant and lowered his tone as he made this request; but thinking it would be as well to leave the father and son to themselves, he expressed his readiness to accompany Mr. Yately, and they quitted the house together.

"I am constrained to put some rather peculiar questions to you, Mr. Lesmere," the solicitor began; "but I have my reasons for them, which I will explain presently. Do you retain much recollection of your father, the Honorable Arden Lesmere?"

"No. I was a mere child when his death occurred. Why do you ask this?"

Mr. Yately, who was a very precise little old gentleman, waved his hand.

"One moment, my dear sir—one moment. Mrs. Lesmere, your highly respected parent, survived her husband some three or four years. Hem! the match was in every respect a happy one, eh?"

"To the best of my knowledge, yes," answered Darcy, trying to grow patient.

"Yes; and you have never had any reason to suppose or suspect that the Honorable Arden Lesmere had contracted any marriage prior to his union with Miss Henrietta Darcy? Now hear me patiently, my dear sir," he added, as the young man commenced an indignant disclaimer. "I told you that I have sufficient reason for making these inquiries. Tax your memory, and try and recall any hints you may have heard, any papers you may have found, which would imply that such a secret marriage was actually celebrated."

"I prefer to hear your reasons first, Mr. Yately. I don't care to be mystified on such a subject."

Mr. Yately tapped a paper he produced from his pocket. "They are contained here, sir. I received this document this morning, from White and Wellsley, a highly respectable firm,—notifying to me their intention of calling upon you, Charles Darcy commonly known as the Honorable Darcy Lesmere, to resign all the moneys and estates you—as the reputed heir of the late Arden Lesmere—are now holding, to their client, who claims to be the only surviving child of the said Arden, by a marriage which was consummated in the year 18—, the mother of the said client being alive at the time you, sir, were born."

Darcy staggered back, and stared at the lawyer incredulously.

"It is impossible! My father was an honorable man, and I say again that it is impossible!"

Mr. Yately deliberately took a pinch of snuff, and meditated over it.

"My reminiscences of Mr. Lesmere would lead me to agree with you, only I cannot conceive White and Wellsley lending themselves to a mere sham. They must have had what appeared to them very convincing proofs of the legality of these claims, before they undertook to act for the person who alleges them."

"Then you would have me regard the matter seriously?" cried Darcy. "You do not consider it an infamous attempt to extort money?"

"Most certainly I do not! White is but an ordinary man; clever in his way, perhaps, but nothing peculiar. Wellsley, however, is thoroughly practical—keen, shrewd, and not easily led astray. If Wellsley has taken this up, depend on it there's something in it."

"Which something, according to their way of stating it," said Darcy, glancing through the letter again, "involves my legitimacy and position. Why, good heavens, it's monstrous to expect me to give any credence to this! My father actually the husband of another woman, when he wooed and won an heiress from one of the oldest of the county families! Pah! I shall treat the affair with the contempt it deserves!"

But Mr. Yately shook his head. "I'm afraid that won't do, my dear sir. I was really distressed on your account all the while I was sketching the draft of those settlements, for they will be void, absolutely void, if White and Wellsley's client be able to make good the statements this letter contains! We shall have to be wary, sir, and get a peep into the enemy's hands before we affect to despise his play."

Darcy thought awhile. Though his confidence in his father's honor remained unshaken, he saw that some greater proof was needed than his own solitary refutation of the charges brought against it.

"Will you see these lawyers for me," he asked, "and learn upon what foundation they base this strange story? Assure them from me that while I would not continue to hold property to which I have no legal right, yet that I will contest their claims to the utmost if they do not succeed in convincing me that they are just ones."

"Quite right—quite right!" assented Mr. Yately. "I will contrive to see Wellsley. White is slow, but I have a great respect for Wellsley. I'll have a friendly chat with him; it's not worth

while to declare war till we are obliged. The notoriety just now would be extremely unpleasant—for the lady especially."

But here Darcy broke in.

"My marriage?—you are alluding to that. It must be postponed, of course."

He did not say this as if overwhelmed at the prospect; but Mr. Yately chose to consider him so, and soothingly replied, "We'll hope not—we'll hope not. I may be able to bring you better news to-morrow. Where shall I find you about eleven, which is the only hour I can spare you?"

"At my uncle's, Lord Glenaughton's. He must be apprized of what has happened, and he may be able to render us invaluable assistance in rebutting the assertions of this mushroom claimant. Where has he been hiding himself all these years? I cannot think of this attempted imposition as coolly as you seem to regard it."

Darcy was fast losing his temper, for the more he dwelt upon the consequences that must follow any litigation, the more his annoyance increased. Mr. Yately saw this, and hastened to take his leave.

"Let us be patient till to-morrow, my dear sir. Let me advise you to put this very unpleasant affair quite out of your thoughts until you have heard my report."

"Excellent advice, if I could but follow it," Darcy replied, and they parted—the solicitor to busy himself with more pressing affairs, and his client to shut himself up in his chambers, and ransack desk and drawers for every paper and letter which was likely to bear upon his father's early life.

He had promised to escort Ida and Mrs. Lavington to a flower-show; but while tolerably positive that this claim to the Lesmere estate could not be a just one, it harassed him so much that he sent an excuse, and did not show himself at the Earl's until the following morning, a few minutes before the hour at which Mr. Yately had agreed to meet him.

Percy came into the room just behind him; he rarely cared to be solus with his father, and would generally watch at his dressing-room window for Darcy before he emerged from his own apartments.

He was the first to perceive that trouble sat on his cousin's broad brow, and to inquire what it was.

"Nothing more nor less than the prospect of a law-suit," was the reply.

The Earl looked up from the letter he was writing, and Percy shrugged his shoulders.

"I shouldn't have thought that a tussle with Dame Law would have disturbed your equanimity so much! What have you been doing?—taking possession of some hedge or ditch that doesn't belong to you?"

"Worse, if my opponent proves his case; for, according to his plea, I am not what I seem; or, in other words, I have no right to the name of Lesmere."

Exclamations of surprise burst from both father and son.

"Explain yourself, Darcy!"

But he pointed towards the solicitor, who was just entering the room.

"Here comes my informant. He can tell the tale with more patience and deliberation than I am able to muster. Have you seen White and Wellsley, Mr. Yately?"

"I have seen one of the members of that firm," the solicitor replied, as he seated himself; "and I regret to say that we are threatened with a great deal of unpleasantness, if nothing worse."

Darcy folded his arms and put his back against the mantelpiece, while Mr. Yately read to the Earl and Percy the letter which he had received on the previous day.

Lord Glenaughton wiped the perspiration from his brow as he listened. "This is terrible—it is infamous," he exclaimed. "What is to be done?"

"Hush, father," cried Percy, impatiently; "we have not heard all. Go on, Mr. Yately. What notice have you taken of this letter?"

"I have—with Mr. Lesmere's sanction—sought, and obtained, an interview with one of the members of the firm from whom this communication emanates—highly respectable men both White and Wellsley; but close, very close. They would not give me a glimpse at their tactics; but they assured me, without prejudice, that the evidence put into their hands warrants them in asserting that we have not a leg to stand upon."

Lord Glenaughton looked uneasily at his nephew, who had started from his easy attitude, and moved across nearer to the table, and then his lordship exclaimed, "Evidence! If they have any, why has it not been brought forward sooner? It is the vile scheme of some clever knave, depend upon it!"

Mr. Yately bowed in deference to the Earl's opinion, but went on: "Their case is that the Honorable Arden Lesmere, during a pedestrian tour in the south of England, visited Halesby, where he made the acquaintance of a young girl named Esther Waverill."

It was Darcy's turn to utter an expression of astonishment. It must have been to an episode in his father's life that he had listened when the Earl explained his interest in Lestelle. Turning a little from the rest of the party, the young man dropped into a chair; and shaded his face with his hand. He was right-minded and honorable; and his best feeling were wounded when he was compelled to believe that the parent whose memory he had so fondly revered had proved himself neither the one nor the other.

"This young girl," said Mr. Yately, reading from his notes, "was—so it is—carried

away from her home by Mr. Arden, who married at a church near Winchester. By this marriage—of which White and Wellsley's clients allege they possess conclusive proofs—there were two children, the eldest of whom is dead, but the other survives; and it is on her behalf that her guardian proposes to institute this suit, unless we are prepared to renounce the Lesmere estates in favor of his ward."

"In favor of the actress, Lestelle! By Heaven, he shall not!" exclaimed Lord Glenaughton, dashing his hand fiercely on the table. "Is this miserable girl always to work us sorrow and perplexity?"

"Not a word against Lestelle!" cried Percy, confronting his father with flashing eyes. "This is not her doing—I swear that it is not—but Paulton's!"

"Paulton is the name of the lady's guardian," Mr. Yately commented. "W. Paulton; I have it entered here in my memoranda."

"It is some of his handiwork," Percy continued. "But Darcy must have his own, father!—he must have his own! Look to it sir—look to it!"

"Be silent!" was the stern reply. "Have I not borne enough for and through you, that you come prating and teaching me my duty to my brother's son? He shall not lose his inheritance, if anything that I can do or say can prevent it. My time, my money, is at Darcy's disposal, and I am ready to swear that this girl was not Arden's lawfully begotten child. What more would you have me do?"

"My dear uncle, Percy did not intend to convey any reproach to you by his hasty speech," Darcy gently interposed. "Indeed, both he and I are very certain, that although you may not act with the same hot-headed rashness that would characterize our proceedings, you will prove my best counsellor in this awkward affair."

The Earl was modified. "I will defend your rights, my dear boy, and your father's honor. Arden Lesmere was not guilty of the crime imputed to him; I am certain of it. There was no such bar to his union with Henrietta Darcy as this would have been. He was one of the best and kindest of men. Such a burden on his conscience as that would have been, would have weighed him to the earth!"

Arden Lesmere's son wrung his uncle's hand, but he sighed as he did so, for he thought of Lestelle's deserted mother and her own neglected childhood. To be suspected of having sinned against the heiress of an ancient family, aroused the indignation of the dead man's nearest of kin, but the fact that he had undoubtedly duped an innocent rustic was not dwelt upon.

In the meantime, Mr. Yately had been poring over his note-book, and now looked up to ask if Lord Glenaughton could remember whether his brother really made this pedestrian tour, and under what circumstances.

The Earl glanced at Darcy, who answered for him.

"Yes, we admit my father's visit to Halesby, and his having made the acquaintance of Esther."

"Alone? Did he make this tour alone?"

"Partly," Lord Glenaughton replied. "At Halesby, I joined him for a week or so."

"Ha! and became cognisant of the attachment?"

"I learned that he admired Esther," the Earl unwillingly acknowledged.

"And you left him still residing at that place?"

"No, we quitted the village together. I came back to London alone, for Arden proposed crossing to Ireland, and visiting the Lakes of Killarney, but I know nothing certain of his movements till we met in Paris, just before his union with Miss Darcy."

"This is unfortunate, as it opens a probability of Mr. Lesmere having returned to Halesby after your departure. Did not your lordship ever have any conversation with him respecting this girl?"

"Not until I was in attendance upon him during his last illness."

"And then?" queried Mr. Yately eagerly. "Pray tax your memory, my lord, and try to remember precisely what he said?"

"Nothing that could induce me to think that he had ever felt any disposition to make Esther Waverill his wife."

"This implies that our adversaries are correct when they assert that she quitted her native place with Mr. Lesmere," muttered the solicitor. "Can you remember the words in which his allusions to her were couched?"

"The subject is a painful one," said the Earl, after a long pause. "Nor do I see how a repetition of our conversation would serve any good purpose. Arden said that the girl's fate weighed heavily on his mind, and I promised to give her some pecuniary aid, but not a word of such a marriage was uttered by either of us; and I repeat that I am convinced that my brother never loved her well enough to have dreamed of marrying her. She was a pretty, simple, uneducated girl, but she would have been a clog to any aspiring man."

"Very likely," said Mr. Yately; "but we must have something more tangible to work upon than our own convictions that Mr. Lesmere did not make a foolish match. We must find out where he went after he left your lordship, and we must bear in mind that these pretty, simple girls sometimes obtain immense power over the minds of their admirers."

Darcy looked annoyed. "You speak as if your own opinions were adverse ones?"

"Not at all, my dear sir; but we lawyers are obliged to look at both sides of every question; and, while my private conviction is that Mr.



Lesmere was incapable of committing bigamy, in my public capacity I am obliged to admit that the case is an ugly one, and that we must be well prepared with rebutting evidence.

"What do you propose doing?" asked Percy, speaking for the first time since he had drawn upon himself his father's anger.

"Sending one of my clerks, a shrewd fellow whom I can trust, into Hampshire. It will be no easy matter to trace Mr. Lesmere's movements after so many years, but, we must do our best."

Lord Glenaughton, who for the last few moments had been pacing the room, came and stood opposite Darcy as soon as the solicitor had arranged his papers and bowed himself out.

"This girl—Esther or Lestelle—like all women of her stamp, must have her price," he said. "Is she not to be bought off? Silence, Percy!" he added imperatively. "I do not share your infatuation, and I will not let it stand in the way of our family interests. Think of the disgrace that will overwhelm us if we are unable to avert a public trial!"

"How is it to be averted, except by tampering with Wyett Paulton, and paying him the price he would set upon his revelations?" Percy demanded impetuously. "He is villain enough to throw Lestelle over if you can prove to him that it will be to his own advantage."

"I will see this man," said the Earl, thoughtfully.

"No, father, you must not! Darcy, you will not permit it," cried Percy, now turning from one to the other in great agitation. "I may not live to see the issue of this affair; I don't think that I shall; but I believe my spirit would come back to reproach you if Lestelle were wronged by those who should protect her."

The Earl angrily flung off the hand his son had laid on his arm; but Darcy answered promptly, "I agree with Percy that there must be no treating with the opposite party. No one can dislike notoriety more than I do; and this matter,"—he colored and his brows contracted as he spoke—"this matter will involve a most unenviable publicity if it comes to a trial."

"How is it to be prevented, if your excessive precision stands in the way of any efforts to prevent it?" his uncle testily demanded.

"Only in this way, my lord. If the proofs Lestelle's guardian professes to be able to produce satisfy me that she is my father's daughter by a prior marriage, I shall give up to her whatever was his, and try to forget that I have ever considered myself a Lesmere. With what remains of my mother's property I will go abroad."

"And Ida—do you forget how painfully this will affect her?" asked the Earl, anxiously.

"Poor Ida!" Percy softly added; and his cousin looked undecided, but only for a moment.

"Of course I release Lady Ida from her engagement. Until my rights are proved beyond dispute, I cannot ask her to become my wife."

"You are too chivalrous and self-denying, my dear boy," Lord Glenaughton replied, "if Ida thinks with me, she will not suffer you to release her. I shall feel greatly disappointed if this affair is permitted to delay your marriage."

"Yes, yes; let the marriage take place," added Percy. "Poor Ida must be spared, let who will suffer."

But Darcy was not to be turned from his purpose. He would not wed his beautiful cousin while a cloud hung over his prospects; and Ida, on learning the reason why the ceremony was to be deferred, agreed with him.

"Of course it makes no difference in our feelings, dear Darcy," she said tenderly; "but I must not burden you with a wife until we are sure that all is well."

"Why not say at once that you'll not have him till you are sure of his estates?" angrily queried Percy, who had come into the room while she was speaking. "Now is the time to show the sincerity of your affection—if you have any. Don't let Darcy sacrifice himself, but be thankful that with your hand you can give him a certain income, and secure your own happiness, come what will."

Ida covered her face with her handkerchief. "You are cruel to reproach me," she sobbed in reply; "and indeed, Percy, you ought not to urge me into a step which I might repent. Darcy knows me better than you do, and comprehends that it is for his sake more than my own I am acceding to his wish for our marriage to be postponed."

She hurried from the room, hiding her face as she went, and Percy muttering something about the selfishness and fickleness of women often defeating their objects, went towards his cousin, and laid his arm affectionately on Darcy's shoulder.

"Take courage, *mon chevalier*; the most tangled skein may be unravelled if we do but set about it patiently, and you will find a way out of your difficulties, I dare say."

"I was not thinking of myself, but of the slur upon my father's fame," Darcy answered, hoarsely.

"Ay, that is where it stings you; to be obliged to fear that the man you have revered, and who has shown such a fair outside to the world, could sin as heartily as the rest of us! It's a bitter pill to swallow. I wish I could bear all the anxiety and heart-burnings in your stead; and I wish still more fervently that I had died before this *escalandre* occurred!"

"Thanks for all your kindness, but you need not make yourself so uneasy upon my account," answered Darcy, forcing a smile. "I dare say I shall be strong enough to bear any ill fate has in store for me."

Percy shook his head, but said no more, and the subject was not recurred to.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## AT THE STAGE DOOR.

A week or two after this, as Darcy was returning from the office of Mr. Yately, with whom he had been holding a long and dispiriting conference, he passed the doors of the Theatre, and saw by the flaming bills posted upon them that Lestelle was performing one of her favorite characters. He was seized with a desire to see her; to hear from her own lips how far she had participated in the attempt to ruin him. Sometimes he thought of her bitterly, resentfully, as a designing creature, who had exercised all her fascinations in order to find out the weak points of his character, and perhaps to glean from his thoughtless admissions some piece of information that would strengthen her case. At other moments, he inclined to believe with Percy that she was but a tool in the hands of the arch schemer, Paulton, whom she evidently feared and distrusted.

Wavering between these two opinions, he strolled round to the stage door, where the modest vehicle she used was standing, and there awaited her appearance.

She came out at the conclusion of the first piece, leaning on Miss Hill's arm, the hood of her crimson burnouse prettily framing her sparkling face. Her hands, as well as Miss Hill's, were full of flowers that had been flung upon the stage, and she was selecting the freshest for a little boy who ran forward and greeted her eagerly as soon as she appeared.

She smiled at him.

"These roses are for your sister. Tell her I am glad to hear that she is better, and I will pay her another visit soon, poor child."

She was hurrying to escape his thanks for the coin that accompanied the bouquet, when her eye fell upon Darcy. Her first impulse was to draw her cloak more closely around her, so as to conceal the elegant evening costume she had worn on the stage. She could not conquer her repugnance to appearing before him as the mere actress, and there was reproach in her tones when she addressed him.

"So you have chosen to forget my injunction, Mr. Lesmere, and now you know me in more characters than one."

"Perhaps so," he retorted; "but that knowledge has not been obtained within these walls. I am merely a passer-by, who was seized with a fancy to see the Queen of Song enter her carriage."

Lestelle would have smiled at this compliment but for the words that prefaced it. Pondering upon them, she moved forward, and Darcy silently handed her and her companion into their brougham.

"Are you going our way?" Lestelle asked timidly. "May I offer you a seat?"

It was accepted, but Darcy scarcely spoke till they reached Brompton, and the eyes of the actress invited him to enter the house with her.

"It is too late to intrude upon you," he answered. "Besides, in the position we now hold towards each other, it would be unwise on my part, at all events, to loiter here."

"I do not understand you," said Lestelle, dropping her hood, and coming a little nearer to where Darcy was standing, just in the shadow of the light veranda. "If I could see your features, I might gather your meaning from them; but, in this darkness, I can only learn what the words of your voice tell me."

"And that is—" he queried.

"That you do not regard me as kindly as you did the last time we met—and parted," she murmured beneath her breath. "What have I done to vex you?"

He evaded a direct reply.

"It would be the height of injustice to be angry with you, if you believe that you are justified in what you are doing."

"Still I am at fault!" she exclaimed. "What have I done?—to what are you alluding?"

He answered rather incredulously.

"Is it possible that your guardian advocates your right to call yourself a Lesmere, and oust the reputed heir to the Lesmere property, without your sanction?"

Lestelle uttered a faint cry, and grasped his arm.

"Wyett, you mean—Wyett Paulton! Then he has struck the blow with which he menaced me! But where?—how? He promised—oh, fool that I was to trust to his promises! What has he done, and what—what am I?"

"According to Mr. Wyett Paulton," said Darcy, coldly, "Madame Lestelle is the daughter of the late Arden Lesmere."

"And who was he?" she demanded so naively that his doubts of her truth began to vanish.

"The Earl of Glenaughton's brother, and—my father!"

Lestelle staggered back as if she had received a violent blow.

"No, no!" she gasped. "Don't say that! Don't compel me to hear that ruin has fallen upon you—and through me!"

"I am not ruined yet," he answered, haughtily. "And I not only refuse to believe that my father was a villain, but I will maintain this belief against the assertions of a wily valet and his confederates."

"But how will you do this?" she asked, with her hands pressed to her brows. "The paper that my mother bade me treasure—the proof that I am not the child of shame—is in Wyett's possession. He stole it from me before I could

decipher its contents. If I am Arden Lesmere's daughter, you—"

She paused, and Darcy turned from her with a gesture that made her tremble from head to foot.

"Wyett has done this to revenge himself upon me for my obstinacy!" she exclaimed. "Tell me what I must do?"

Darcy could not resist smiling rather bitterly at the question, "Would it not be somewhat ridiculous to constitute as your adviser the man who must lose all if you triumph?"

"And you think I could endure to be enriched at your expense?" Lestelle reproachfully demanded. "No, Mr. Lesmere; whatever the law gave to me I would return to you, and rejoice in it only as it enabled me to prove the sincerity you seem disposed to doubt."

"You talk generously; but could you restore to me my father's good name—my own self-respect and standing in society? Money, however lavishly bestowed, would still leave me a nameless and disgraced man."

She wrung her hands despairingly.

"And you think I could have averted this? You hate me because this claim has been made in my behalf?"

"Nay, now you are wronging me. If you are convinced that it is a just one, I have no right to complain. Yet I had rather any other hand had crushed me than yours, Lestelle!"

Weeping bitterly, she leaned against one of the slender columns of the veranda.

"You break my heart! For years I had dreamed of establishing my birth, and clearing the fame of my poor deserted mother; yet now that the moment has arrived, it overwhelms me with misery. Do you say that mine is the hand that injures you? Mine! Alas! I would have laid down my life to have saved you a moment's pain or sorrow."

Darcy could no longer restrain himself. He took her cold hands in his, and wiped away her tears.

"Dearest Lestelle, I will not have you grieve thus. Now that I am convinced you have not taken a willing part in this business, I can better bear it. The worse sting of all—the belief that while you spoke me fair you were dissembling—has gone never to return; and not even in my thoughts will I ever reproach you again!"

She smiled at him gratefully. "I will deserve this goodness. Weak and bound in the toils though I am, I will yet prove that I am not leagued with Wyett Paulton to injure you!"

"It is unnecessary. Come what may, Lestelle, I will have faith in you! And now I must not detain you any longer. Farewell, and if we meet no more—"

But, with bowed head, she was already hurrying into the house. Shutting herself in her room, she changed her dress, and then seating herself at the window, watched the misty sky till the first streaks of dawn began to chase its shadows. Then, haggard and changed to a degree that would have been marvellous to any one who did not divine the terrible mental struggle she had undergone during those solitary hours, she wrapped herself in a large, dark shawl, and with her face thickly veiled, left the house. In another hour she was sitting in Wyett Paulton's breakfast-room, waiting for him to emerge from his chamber.

(To be continued.)

## LITTLE MISS FRERE.

## I.

It was the evening of a November day. The wind whistled down the valley and sang a doleful song through the branches of the tall pine-trees surrounding the house on the hill. Overhead the heavy clouds which had hung low all through the day were broken asunder and dragged towards the earth on either side as though by their own weight, leaving filmy ragged edges through which the great, calm sky looked down. In the west, covering his retreat, bristled the golden lances of the sun just above a bar of fiercest red, which shone like the pillar of cloud and fire in the days of the promise. Lights gleamed out from the windows of the house; pointed arrows of brightness shot through the half-closed shutters or between the folds of the curtains left awry, and touched the road below, where the working people from the town were plodding home to the dingy little cabins on the flat along the bend of the river.

Within the house summer and sunshine seemed still to reign. A flood of light poured from the empty drawing-room; and from the open door across the hall came the odor of fruit and flowers, with the bright sparkle of silver. Dinner was just over, and the family lingered a moment in the dimly lighted hall before proceeding to the drawing-room.

"Let us stay here," pleaded pretty Mrs. Benchley, sinking into one of the cathedral chairs set stiffly against the wall. "To gather in a drawing-room after dinner is a mere conventionality. I am sure it is much nicer here; and the widow shook out her soft black draperies and drew her chair nearer to the register where they had all gathered for a moment, as though the change from the bright warm room, where the heliotropes were even so soon withering in the épergne, had brought a chill. The rays from the blazing star upon the forehead of the bronze dancing-girl at the foot of the winding stairs lit up the group—the fair-faced woman, the guest of the house, who had spoken, leaning forward with white outstretched hands; the Professor, tall, angular, with a stoop

about his shoulders, and shaggy red-brown hair hiding his strong face, and the kindly eyes smiling down upon the widow through his glasses; last of all, but first in importance, the Professor's mother, Madame Pfeiffe, the hostess, standing upon the threshold of the drawing-room where the strong light brought out every tint of her quaint many-hued dress, every line of her gentle old face shaded by its queer little front of white curls. A child had been pulled playfully after the widow by a silken scarf, like a pet spaniel; a little blue-eyed, fair-haired creature who called her "mamma," and curled down now at her feet.

"I like this place," she said, with a deep sigh of contentment, throwing back her head to embrace in one long, lingering glance every charm of her surroundings; from the ghostly shadows enveloping the winding stairs, to the queer family portraits ranged in double rows where the light struck full upon the wall before her. "Yes, I like this place," and she nestled her cheek against her mother's knee. Each one of the group spoke in reply to the child.

"If you do, you must remain with us a long time," said hospitable Madame Pfeiffe.

"Flossy utters aloud what some of us only think deep down in our hearts;" and the widow threw a glance, half shy and half coquettish, towards the Professor, who had bent over the child. "And I like you," he said. But though his hand rested upon the child's hair, his eyes were upon the mother.

"How beautiful are the mother and child!" he thought. "How beautiful is the mother-love, and here in my own home!" That was all. But the very thought breathed a suggestion; and in these stray thoughts and ways begins the conjugation of a certain verb the varying moods and painful tenses of which the Professor had learned by heart once, years before.

The words had been uttered almost in chorus. A pause followed; the widow's head was bent to the child; a soft color had crept into her face. Ah, if it might be! She was no longer young. All the warmth which youth knows had departed with its freshness. Love could never again be a sweet surprise—the stealthy creeping out of the heart while the sentry slept. But here was rest and peace, and something which even wealth could not bring. She was weary of carrying her burdens, which others envied, since they were called riches. She was tired of facing the world alone. O, if it might be!

Madame Pfeiffe broke the silence with a platitude. She had taken up her knitting and resigned herself with a sigh to this arrangement for the evening, which did not include the grand drawing-room. Had her guest been less charming or of a position less assured, the small host gathered so informally here would have been marshaled upon the other side of the wide doors, towards which Mrs. Benchley had turned her pretty shoulders. But certain thoughts, amounting almost to schemes, as she glanced from the widow to her tall son and drew the thread of her knitting over her left forefinger, resigned her to almost any possible innovation. "What is so charming as the frank innocence of childhood?" she said. "I would we might all utter our thoughts aloud."

Unconscious hypocrite! who would have suffered martyrdom sooner than reveal the schemes at that moment working in her own brain.

"Happy state!" exclaimed the Professor—"Swedenborg's heaven, 'where things are as they seem; and none ever thinks three and says four.' But that would hardly do for mortals. A certain amount of deception is absolutely essential to—well, to the progress of civilization, let us say."

"Robert!" The exclamation was uttered in a tone of horror, accompanied by a side-long movement of the white curls. The Professor turned a quizzical glance towards his mother.

"You are shocked? The creed we exemplify in our lives would startle the most of us, I fancy. For example: article first, *To lie* at the very last extremity, where the truth positively will not screen us, or when the truth would involve a breach of good manners. We all do that, you know."

But Madame Pfeiffe preserved a dignified and displeased silence.

The Professor laughed, but moved nearer. "Are you ashamed of your son? Are you fearful that your guest may think him a pagan? Mrs. Benchley, pray don't."

"Robert, Robert, you talk nonsense, if nothing worse." And though the tone was reproving, the eyes raised to his were full of love. "I only expressed the wish that we might all speak from our hearts as freely as that little child."

"Could you?"

"I—I think I might." There was a slight quaver in Madame Pfeiffe's voice, suggesting the possibility of a doubt.

"Suppose I try you now," he answered. "Tell us your thoughts of a moment since, when you took up your knitting."

The thread snapped in her fingers. "One cannot recall. How can I tell?" she began.

The Professor laughed. "It is easy to theorize," he said. He turned to the widow. "At least we may guess. She was taking John to task, mentally, for having forgotten the dining-room windows last night."

"Indeed I was not."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor, "so you do remember." But to this she vouchsafed no reply. There was an air of triumph in her denial. They were far from the truth. They were cold as ice, as the children say in hunt-the-thimble. Possibly he knew it. Possibly he surmised her



plans; for however dark her devisings, the little old lady's ways could never be other than open as the day.

"The only pleasure, after all, in the entire frankness which my mother advocated so warmly," said the Professor, "would be in venting one's dislikes."

"Pray don't," exclaimed the widow. "I have tried it." She laughed as at an amusing recollection, though something bright shone in her eyes. "It was at school," she went on. "I conceived a mortal dislike for the girl sitting before me. It must have been a spiritual aversion, since it was inexplicable. I bore it in secret awhile, then, rebelling against the deceit, confessed the whole to its object." She paused, Madame Pfeiffe looked up from her knitting.

"Well?" said the Professor. His eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

Mrs. Benchley laughed, though the brightness in her eyes shone like tears now.

"What do you think she replied?" and the widow raised a flushed, warm face, guileless as a child's in its sudden show of feeling. "She said she had always thought me a proud, disagreeable creature, and she knew many others among the girls who agreed with her in this opinion. And upon that she proceeded to call over the names of so many whom I had believed to be my friends, that I ran from her in tears and cried for a week afterwards."

A murmur of indignant sympathy, with a low laugh from the Professor, followed this recital. There was a sparkle of drops and jewels as the widow passed her hand quickly over her eyes. "How silly!" she exclaimed, smiling and blushing, and half turning from her small but interested audience. "For a moment the bitterness and mortification of that hour came back to me."

"Not silly at all, my dear," Madame Pfeiffe hastened to say. She was more than ever charmed with the woman who inadvertently displayed so great sensibility, and who had told her little story in such a pretty dramatic way.

The Professor beamed upon her from his kindly eyes. Even the sheltering glasses could not quite hide their sudden softening. "In fact it was a failure," he said.

"It was indeed," Mrs. Benchley rejoined, "and a painful lesson. I have confessed only admiration since then. My aversions I overcome or hide from sight."

"But even these, to be thoroughly honest, would involve so many fine distinctions," laughed the Professor. "My dear sir, you would be obliged to say to one, 'I like you tolerably.' Think of the torment in that adverb! How it would haunt the poor fellow. For myself—" But here the conversation ended abruptly. There had been a noiseless step upon the stairs, and suddenly, without warning, a little, white-clad figure—girl or woman?—stood upon the lowest step, glancing timidly, half-deprecatingly from one to another, as though she would apologize for the intrusion, or must wait at least for recognition before advancing.

"Amy! my dear child." And Madame Pfeiffe rose so hastily that the work in her hands fell to the floor, and the bright blue ball of worsted rolled away under the piano. She drew the little shrinking figure from its perch. "This is a dear little friend, Amy Frere," she said, pulling the girl forward by one little dark, trembling hand. "She came while we were at dinner, quite unexpectedly, but is none the less welcome," she hastened to add, giving the little cold hand in hers a reassuring pressure. "We did not look for her till next week."

Mrs. Benchley, half rising, made a rather stately salutation, after her first start of surprise. "Are there any more to come?" she thought, glancing involuntarily into the upper regions of darkness from which the little figure had glided in such mysterious silence.

"Mrs. Benchley is staying with us for a while. I am sure you will be friends," Madame Pfeiffe was saying. "And Flossy; we must not forget Flossy," as the little fluffy ball gathered itself up from the floor.

The girl half offered a hand, which was unobserved in the widow's deep courtesy, then gave a timid little shrinking bow, and without noticing the child at all, stood painfully confused, while Madame Pfeiffe drew her own chair forward.

"Good evening again," the Professor said, quietly, appearing from the shadow of the library door. He held out his hand to the new guest. She touched it without raising her eyes, and then sank almost from sight into the depths of the great arm-chair.

She was a very little thing. Hardly more than a child in size, with a dark, thin face, which in the strong light, as she stood for that one moment upon the stairs, had shown traces of care rather than years in the shadows under the great dark eyes and the tense lines about the small mouth. Her hands still trembled upon her lap, though she lay back quite still, as if glad to sink into this sudden oblivion. Her rest was only for a moment, however. John's solemn face appeared at the dining-room door. Madame Pfeiffe nodded to him. "Yes, John. Come, Amy, you must be faint with fasting. I thought you would prefer your tea quietly by yourself. She has had a long journey," she explained to Mrs. Benchley as the girl rose again.

"Ah!" the widow replied, her stateliness softening somewhat at the sight of the girl's worn face.

"Yes; she has been two days upon the road." "Do spirits often drop from the skies here?" the widow asked the Professor, when his mother had led the new guest away. "And is their transit usually accomplished in two days?"

The Professor's eyes had followed the two figures disappearing through the open door. "I beg your pardon," added Mrs. Benchley, as his gaze returned to her; "but she appeared so suddenly in our midst, I looked up naturally to the sky-light." The words were spoken lightly, but there was a shade of annoyance in her tone. The girl was evidently a shy, nervous little thing, who would be only too thankful to be permitted to sink out of sight. She would ask for nothing and offer nothing in return; a nonentity, in fact. But the long pleasant evening was broken in upon. The drift was turned.

"Bolts nor bars avail against them," the Professor said, dreamily, emerging as from a reverie, and speaking from miles away. Then he roused himself. "However, this one arrived after most mortal fashion. I myself took her from the carriage at the door. I was called from the table, you know."

"I hate surprises," said Mrs. Benchley, with a petulance more than half real, and carrying her frankness to the verge of rudeness.

"Do you?" queried the Professor, absently. "While nothing is so surprising, so unexpected as—woman."

He had seated himself carelessly before the piano. He rose now, and began to pace back and forth slowly, his hands clasped behind his back.

"I do not understand. You assert rashly," began Mrs. Benchley.

But still he went on, his head bent so that his face was hidden by his shaggy hair, his eyes fixed upon the floor. The sound of John's stealthy step came out to them from the next room with the soft tinkle of glasses.

Then Madame Pfeiffe's voice, fustily persuasive, followed by another, softer, lower, and hesitating. The Professor turned his head to listen.

"I made a study of the subject once," he said, pausing before the widow. "Most men do, I imagine. It is a change from Greek and Hebrew verbs. Men take them up together. At least I did. The first was most absorbing, but soonest ended," and he went on again down into the shadows where the stairs turned. What was he saying? What did he mean? She had never heard that his life had held its romance.

"To illustrate," he continued, drawing near again, and unconsciously adopting the form of expression he was accustomed to use in the class: "I have known a woman, young, innocent, a child almost, who could be swayed by a breath; whose ways were clear to read as the stars are bright in heaven, to suddenly turn, without perceptible cause become at once reticent, cold—"

There was a slight stir in the dining-room; chairs rolling back, a mingling of voices; then Madame Pfeiffe and her charge appeared.

"My dear," Madame Pfeiffe was saying, "we must have these pale cheeks rosy. A raw egg before breakfast every morning is an excellent thing to build one up. What a fresh round face you had, to be sure, when you used to come to us ten years ago."

Ten years ago! Mrs. Benchley expressed her surprise. "That must have been in arms," she said, pleasantly. She was vexed with the girl for appearing so inopportunist, and yet one could not harbor resentment against the pale, frightened little creature, who sat upright in her chair now to reply, in a nervous, flurried way: "I am older than you think. I have been teaching for six years." Then, as if terrified by the sound of her own voice, she subsided quickly into silence and the friendly depths again. For the moment her cheeks had been as blooming as even good Madame Pfeiffe could have wished.

At the quick, impatient tone of her voice the Professor, who had walked away, turned his head and smiled as though at some odd recollection. His mother took up her words.

"Yes, and it is that which has worn her out," she said. "Poor Amy!" and there was a depth of compassion in her voice. "But we shall take care of her now that we have her again." She laid her plump, dimpled hand, shining with one old-fashioned ring, upon the arm of little Miss Frere's chair with these words, where it was quickly seized and furtively pressed in a little dark palm.

"We lost sight of her;"—Madame Pfeiffe went on, addressing the widow:—"for several years we knew nothing at all about her."

"Ah!" responded Mrs. Benchley, rather wearily. The girl was very nice and worthy and ill-used, no doubt; but her coming at this time was unfortunate, to say the least. A new element introduced into a well-assorted company can never be thoroughly welcome; and they had been so comfortable but an hour before! Mrs. Benchley turned with that one brief exclamation to the child who had fallen fast asleep at her feet. "I had quite forgotten," she said, making an ineffectual attempt to rise. "Will some one be kind enough to ring for Hattie?"

It was little Miss Frere who sprang up at this and pulled the bell-cord. Evidently she was accustomed to heed such requests. But the Professor raised the child tenderly from where she lay, a soft little heap upon her mother's gown. "Pray don't wake her," he said; and the Swede nurse appeared just in time to see him bear her up the stairs, her long bright hair flowing over his arm.

Little Miss Frere started. The dark eyes opened wide in a kind of pained surprise as the widow gave the child into his arms, thanking him with a smile and a little conscious blush.

He returned presently to find Mrs. Benchley at the piano.

"Ah, do, my dear," Madame Pfeiffe had

pleaded, as she rose and strayed towards it. Her fingers wandered over the keys a moment as though searching for lost harmonies. Then she gathered them sweetly into one. Upon little Miss Frere, hidden in the great arm-chair, the sounds fell like a dream of music, like the echo of grand voices, like the noise of falling water far away. Her head drooped lower and lower; tears gathered in her eyes. Days of happiness long past trooped by, called up as from their graves,—the days when she was younger and more fair and the future stretched out its arms to her, smiling and bright; when Robert's eyes beamed upon her, as she fancied they did now upon the beautiful woman over whom he leaned. Why had she come again only to disturb the peace which had fallen upon her with all these years? Ah, in those other days it was she whom he loved; and wrapt in her own thoughts, unconscious of all around her, with the music sounding faint and far away, she lived that time again. How full it was of hopes which she dreamed then could never fade; of joys which were to be eternal! Then came the change, like a jarring chord; the bitter words so soon repented of, "I do not love you," she said to him hotly. How grave and set his face became at that. How real and near it all was to her now. She could almost feel again the summer sun upon the lawn; again the scarlet geraniums were all in blossom, and the whirr of the locusts sounded more distinctly in her ears than the song from across the room. "You will think better of it by and by," he said. "I never will;" and even then, faint-hearted, and with the anger dying within her, she had turned away.

How he held her back; not in impatience at her wilfulness, only with a grave sadness in his face. "You will think better of it presently," he said. "Then you will tell me so. I will wait for that, dear." And still holding the hands that strove to pull themselves away, he kissed the forehead, hot and flushed, before he left her. How slowly the hours dragged by when the fierce heat of foolish anger was over. Then at night, when the sun went down upon her repentance, she wrote a little sorry note, which she shrank from putting into his hand, and so hid in the hollow of the larch-tree overhanging the wide porch at the side of the house, where, more than once, stealing out in the early morning, she had found tender missives to herself hidden under the fallen leaves. And then the waiting!—for nothing; for his cold grave manner did not change. And having spoken once, how could she speak again? The note was gone. He must have found it. She looked for it, crying; stealing out at dusk and stirring the green leaves which a passing wind had dropped into the cleft. Then he was called away—home to Germany, without warning, suddenly, that very day; or no, it was the next. She remembered now how he held her hand in parting from her. Ah! she thought with a quick gasp of pain, has he forgotten? The warm wet rain seemed to blow in again at the open door; again, just outside, the horses stamped impatiently. "You will be late," some one called. "Are you not coming?" And still he held her hand. Oh, why did he not speak? If she had raised her face! Perhaps at sight of the tears she tried to hide he would have relented.

Then the picture, with the gray mist hanging over the hills and the drops trickling down the window-pane, the thud of the horses' hoofs in her ears, all died away.

"Tender and true, adieu, adieu," sang Mrs. Benchley. The spell was broken. The singer rose from her place.

"Oh, thanks," murmured Madame Pfeiffe. "What a pretty song; but so sad."

The Professor was silent. But the singer, at sight of his bent head and the long slim fingers which seemed to trace a figure dreamily, felt that she had not sung in vain. It warmed her heart towards the girl sitting mute, but strangely moved, before her.

"And Miss Frere—does not Miss Frere sing?" she asked, turning to her with so cordial a smile that Amy looked up in surprise.

"To be sure," Madame Pfeiffe responded, before she had time to reply. "Amy, my dear?"

Poor Amy, sitting suddenly upright, dazzled and confused by the change from past to present, became reminded at once of the little girls whom she had left at the school only two days before, with their discordant hammering upon the old piano and their tiresome drone of "one—two—three" over their lessons—should she ever forget it?

"You still play, of course, Amy?" Madame Pfeiffe was saying.

"Oh yes." This she could do. This she did almost daily at the school. The teacher was accustomed to call upon Miss Frere to entertain visitors with music. To be thus summoned now was like falling back into one's own place after having been lifted to the clouds for a moment. She rose without any affectation of reluctance and went quietly to the piano. "What would you like? Shall it be something lively?" The words came without volition. It was thus she was accustomed to address the parents who visited the school; and the reply invariably was, "Oh yes, to be sure; something very lively." But with the question she raised so patient and weary a face that Madame Pfeiffe mentally resolved that it should be two fresh eggs before breakfast instead of one. There was a hasty reply of "Anything you choose."

Mrs. Benchley tried not to smile at the forlorn little figure with its odd suggestion. But little Miss Frere saw nothing save the shadow of the man's face close beside her, and heard only one voice. "Sing," it seemed to say in her ear. "You sang once."

"But I have forgotten; I have no music," she began, confusedly. This was quite unlike her daily experience, and all her self-consciousness returned. There was a strange whirr in her ears. The pictures upon the wall danced before her eyes. "I sing only exercises with the children," she said.

But he went on relentlessly. "There is music here." And he dragged from its receptacle a loose collection of songs. He turned them over carefully; then a sudden light came into his eyes as he selected one and placed it before her. She did not move. She sat outwardly calm, her hands crossed in her lap, her eyes lowered; only when his hand swept her cheek, as he arranged the music, she started, and the warm color flowed over her face. The leaves were yellow and crumpled and torn at the edges. Having placed them, he folded his arms, and, leaning back in the shadow of the half-closed door, waited.

There was a hush of expectation. The high clock, standing like a sentry in his box at the foot of the stairs, ticked on, measuring off the silence; outside, the wail of the wind was stilled; and through the open shutters behind the widow's chair the white-faced moon looked in. The little dark hands struck a few uncertain chords. Then, with an odd, impatient movement, the girl rose. "I cannot," she said; "I have forgotten; and I am tired," she pleaded, standing before the Professor, her head drooping, her hands falling at her side. He gave a little contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. He pushed her aside almost roughly and took her place. There was no mist before his eyes. There was no trembling of his hands as they touched the keys, no quaver of the deep full voice, which seemed to hold tears, so expressive of more than the simple words of the song was it. Could one thus sing from a dumb heart?

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry air,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blow, around thee blow,  
Thy shield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'."

"Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Mrs. Benchley leaned out from her chair. Her eyes were luminous, her cheeks wet. "Why have you never sung to us before?" she exclaimed. Surprise, admiration, and almost something more shone in her face.

"It is nothing," he replied, coldly. He tossed the yellow leaves of the old song from the rack. They fell to the floor with a soft rustle which no one heeded, for at that moment Madame Pfeiffe gave a sharp, startled cry which engaged everybody's attention.

A little white heap lay quite motionless in the great arm-chair.

There was a moment of confusion; then Madame Pfeiffe raised the girl in her motherly arms. "Dear child, it was the long journey," she said. "Here, John!" But the Professor put aside the little crowd of frightened servants who had gathered at his mother's voice, and, taking the girl from her arms, bore her up the stairs as he had borne the child an hour before. He would have done the same for any one, for the sake of common humanity. He would have felt the same tenderness and pity at any other time at the sight of suffering or weakness. There was no stronger emotion in his heart when he took the little form which lay like a dead weight in his arms. She had proved false, or she had not known her own heart once. It did not matter which. That thought did come to him as he laid her head upon his shoulder. The heavenly pity which the sight of weakness brings to us all had swept away the bitterness and anger which rankled in him a moment since. Shame kindled in its place that he could have felt resentment against anything so frail as this. That time of which he thought was far away in the past. It was like a dream of youth. He was not sure that he regretted the awakening, or that he would have had it otherwise if he could.

"Poor little girl!" he said, laying her down upon his mother's bed. He had not noticed until now how worn and thin was the face lying in sharp profile upon the pillow. Her life must have been hard indeed. How different it might have been! And yet the sigh was only for her. Poor child!

He left her with the women and came out into the hall. Some one emerged hastily from the adjoining room. It was Mrs. Benchley. She was very pale from fright and excitement, and a sharp suspicion which had pierced her as to the cause of Miss Frere's illness. Could it be possible that there had been any connection between the girl's visit so many years before and the confession of the Professor, the experience to which he had referred, and which she only half understood or believed at the time? The question in her mind gave her unconsciously an expression of anxiety which the Professor misinterpreted.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "She is already recovering. You can do nothing; and I think we may both go down again."

She was fingering the pretty, sparkling vinaigrette in her hand while he spoke; the color slowly returning to her face. She had hastened to bring it out in the first moment of fright,



from a desire to do something, she hardly knew what, to atone for her selfishness and impatience.

"I am very glad, I am sure," and then the old clock below struck the hour with a sharp twang, and an angry whir between each stroke.

"Is it indeed so late? then I will not go down again, thank you. Good-night," and she held out her hand. There was something very sweet and womanly in the little start of surprise and the soft smile, with which she concluded her sentence as she gave him her hand. There was a gentleness and repose about her at all times, and a charm in the frank beautiful face raised just then, which greatly moved the Professor. Here is a woman without subterfuge or deceit, thought he, whose very presence is peace; and as he held her hand, moved by a sudden impulse, he bent and kissed her forehead where her hair lay brown and smooth up to it.

It was so unexpected, so quickly devised and executed, that not even an exclamation followed. Hastily drawing away her hand, the widow fled at the sound of a footstep approaching from the sick-room. Once within her own chamber, which the beating of her heart made to fairly resound, she sank upon the bed beside the sleeping Flossy, startled, trembling. Only one idea was distinct and clear in her mind,—the Professor cared nothing for little Miss Frere. If he loved the girl, would he have come to her as he did just now? and again, alone though she was, the blood rushed to her face until a fierce pulse beat in her cheek. She bent over the sleeping child, from force of habit, for in truth the child was not in her thoughts. They had centered upon little Miss Frere, of whom she had caught a glimpse as she fled by the half-closed door. She lay very white and still upon the bed. Her hair had fallen down, and she had drawn one lock across her eyes. The widow fancied that a sob had come out to her. What did it mean? She tried to put away the suspicions which rose in her mind. She was accustomed to banish disagreeable things; they had no part in her life. Why should this odd, pale-faced girl, who had seemed to fall from the skies almost, annoy her? Why should the vision of that tired face and drooping figure haunt her?

She had been sitting in the darkness, the door half open. She rose to close it now. A faint odor from the Professor's cigar floated up from below like the breath of incense. She remembered again the flash of the smile over her face, the sweep of his moustache over her hair, and the vision of little Miss Frere faded away.

## II.

How would they meet in the morning? The widow thought of it nervously as she placed upon her hair the bit of lace which had taken the place of the dainty cap. She hesitated, holding it in her hand. Why should she wear it at all? Why should she hide the thick brown coils? Then she arranged it in its place with a little sigh. Strange how the past and present mingle in our thoughts, and we sigh and rejoice in the same breath.

But Mrs. Benchley's thoughts were too actively engaged upon the possibilities of the next half hour to allow them to dwell long upon the past. Everything seemed changed to her since that meeting at the head of the stairs. It could hardly seem otherwise to the Professor. She did not say to herself that he had asked her to be his wife. But had not that kiss implied as much? To her it was no sign of sudden tenderness lightly bestowed and lightly to be let pass into forgetfulness. She lingered over her toilet long after she heard Madame Pfeiffe go down, but she shrank with strange shyness from meeting the Professor alone.

They were at the breakfast table when she finally descended, leading Flossy by the hand and murmuring some excuse for her tardiness. It might have been a downright untruth, so quickly did the blush come with the words as the Professor rose to greet her.

She had hardly expected that he would fall upon his knees, or lead her up to his mother to crave her blessing. And yet some sign she had unconsciously looked for. The sudden lighting up of his face, the lingering clasp of his hand, something to show that this was a new day to him. She had half dreaded this; yet now that there was nothing, she was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Yet after that one quick flash of color which could not be repressed, she was too much a woman to display any emotion.

"We will not wait," said Madame Pfeiffe as John brought in the urn. "Amy is not coming down. Poor child! she passed a restless night. I am not sure, but that we ought to send for a physician. She seems in a strange nervous state. Will you not see her after breakfast, Robert?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied gravely.

"Perhaps, after all, she had better sleep for a while, if she can. She needs rest rather than medicine, I think." And then the conversation passed to more general topics, and the breakfast hour, to which the widow had looked forward with so much perturbation of mind, proved a very simple and uneventful time after all.

A few hours later, little Miss Frere, shivering in a white wrapper, with her dark hair drawn down over either cheek and tied loosely under her chin, peered out through the Venetian blinds screening her window, to watch the procession emerging from the woods. The clouds had broken and fled before the lances of the sun. The west wind chaunted through the pines, where there had been only moans the night before;

the last shower of scarlet and gold was dropping gently from the maples. The bright, crisp leaves crackled under the Professor's feet as he crossed the lawn to the house. He carried the child Flossy perched upon his shoulder and holding fast to his shaggy mane in an agony of terror and delight as he plunged forward like an ungovernable steed, threatening to throw her at every step. The widow followed more slowly. Her hat had fallen back; the wind had roughened her smooth hair and reddened her cheeks. Her arms were full of treasures; lichens and trailing frosty moss in which red berries glistened, and rainbow-tinted leaves lighting up the whole; last of all came Haddie, laden like a sumpter mule with shawls and discarded wraps, and a lunch-basket struggling for individuality in the midst.

"Ah, how pretty and fresh and girlish she is, with the red on her cheeks, and her hair all blown about in the wind!" thought poor little Miss Frere, following the widow with envious eyes, a fierce pang of jealousy contracting her heart. "Oh, why did I come again!" she sobbed, sinking back out of sight as they drew near. She had risen and thrown open the window at the sound of their voices. She forgot to close it now. She forgot to go back to her bed. She sat crouching behind the shutters, chilled and miserable, crying with little feeble sobs. Something like this she had felt before, when the children at school rebelled against her weak authority. To be forlorn, neglected, and crushed to earth was no new sensation; so that there was now no wild burst of grief, as there might have been once when she was younger, and rose up with short-lived strength to meet every trial, or such as comes to those to whom grief is rare. For one moment the night before she had lived in a new world. The flash of light, the warmth and comfort in the atmosphere of the house, as she stepped in from the chill, dreary darkness outside, had all belonged to this strange sphere. Alas! it was only for a moment. It had all come back now—the hard life brightened by no ray of hope, of which no one could know, save the sensitive soul who had it to bear. It had come back like a new trial, a fresh burden which she must train her weary self anew to carry.

Voices in the hall below startled her; there was a step upon the stairs. She crept quickly back to the bed and hid her face as though she slept. And good Madame Pfeiffe stole noiselessly in and out again. Presently, listening, she heard them go their several ways. The library door closed after the Professor. His mother, having set a little tray beside her bed, went softly to her own room. The widow and her child followed. The house was still. Then little Miss Frere rose; she smoothed out her tangled hair and bound it up in the plain fashion in which she was used to wearing it at school, where there was little time for lingering over one's toilet. She stood a moment before the great wardrobe. Ah, what need was there of gala finery? there would be no gala-days. She left untouched all that had been prepared with such pleasant pains for this rare holiday, and chose the plain gray gown she was used to wearing every day. Then, wrapping a shawl so hastily about her that one fringed end trailed all the way, she ran swiftly and noiselessly down the stairs, out through the long open window at the end of the hall, brushing the woodbine in her haste and making a shower of its dark-red leaves to fall, and so across the lawn to the edge of the woods. It was a childish impulse, an uncontrollable desire to escape from them all for the moment, as though in her haste she might leave her troubles all behind.

But her exit was not so unobserved as she imagined. The widow had stolen down the stairs before her, and ensconced herself for a quiet half-hour in the drawing-room. She heard the opening of the door above, the soft gliding step upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse through the window of the little gray-clad figure disappearing into the woods. "How odd!" she exclaimed. "I thought the girl was asleep." And some idea of her senses having deserted Miss Frere did flit through Mrs. Benchley's mind as she laid down her book under an impulse to follow the girl. She pushed open the glass door and stepped out upon the veranda. One stray warbler in the larch-tree overhead told of departed summer in low, mournful notes. She scanned the edge of the woods. No one was in sight. A squirrel startled her as he ran along the bough overhead, was hidden a moment in the hollow of the tree, then, reappearing, fled swiftly down across the lawn to the woods.

"Silly creature! you have discovered your treasures to me," she laughed, diverted for the moment from her purpose! she seized a handful of the dry leaves which seemed to fill the hollow in the tree. The wind took them from her open fingers and scattered them over the dead grass. Raising herself, she peered down into the treasure-house. Something gleamed white from its depths beneath the store of nuts so deftly hidden. The green moss soiled her hand; the rough bark tore her arm as she brought out a little note, stained and yellow, with one corner still folded over "like a lover's note," she said, holding it a moment half in awe, she knew not why, before opening it. It contained but a few words nearly obliterated.

"Dear Robert," the faint lines said, "I am sorry. Can you forgive Amy?" At first the words meant nothing. She read them in idle curiosity, conscious of the balsamic odor from the fir-trees which the wind, lifting her hair, brought from across the lawn; hearing the faint whirr of the squirrel, who had returned, and ran back and forth in alarm above her

head. Then she grew cold and weak as an intuition of something like the truth came to her. It flashed upon her like a sudden dazzling light. "No, no!" she cried aloud, as though in answer to a voice which spoke within her. Was it then indeed this girl whom he had loved so long ago? She could see it all now,—the quarrel, the little note which should have healed the wound, which might yet, perhaps. And then it was she cried aloud. Surely he did not care for little Miss Frere now. That was years ago. Men change, and love with nothing upon which to feed soon dies. She remembered the kiss which had fallen upon her hair the night before. Was it not sign and seal of his love for her? How gentle he had been in his manner towards her all this day! How he had carried her child in his arms! Oh, he did not love this girl. It was only a boyish fancy; and men outgrow such things as they do childish garments. Besides, this note had been forgotten for years. Why should she bring it out to confound and confuse them all now? and yet, and yet—

There was a struggle going on within her. Ah, it was not in John's vision alone that Michael fought with Satan and his angels. In our hearts we wage the same warfare to-day. She stood for a moment grasping the rail before her, her eyes wide open, taking in everything, yet seeing nothing; the bare brown meadows below, the grain-fields rough with stubble, and away beyond them all the shining river, white and calm and beautiful as when the summer spread its banks with living green. Something more than this she must have seen, for her eyes dilated; through her parted lips the breath came quick and short; then, with one long sigh, the fixed lines softened, the eyes grew wet, the color called up in that moment of quick, angry resistance died away like the fading out of the flush in the western sky.

Slowly she turned and re-entered the house, holding the open note in her hand. The warbler in the larch-tree burst into a joyous song, the woodbine crowned her with its scarlet leaves. She knocked at the library door. Then, hardly waiting for a response, opened it and went into the room. The Professor looked up from his writing-table, surprised by the vision, with its breezy hair blown back and holding blood-red leaves, its eyes like stars plucked from the heavens.

"See!" she said quickly, without waiting for him to speak, holding out the bit of yellow paper in the hand all scratched and bleeding. "It is yours." All her pretty half-conscious ways were gone. She seemed to have become all at once pale and grave and colorless, but for the blood-red leaves clinging to her hair and the great light shining from her eyes.

"Ah, what?" and the Professor, called from one dream to another, stared at her in amazement. "Pray, be seated," he stammered, striving to collect his thoughts and take in the meaning of her words. He would have risen, but that she stood so close beside his chair that he could not without pushing her away.

He glanced at the bit of paper she had thrust into his hand. Then his fingers tightened over it. His eyes seemed to grow to the paper.

"Where did you find this?" he asked in a terrible voice. He stood beside her. He seized her arm as in a vice. She could have cried aloud with pain. It was hard, it was cruel that he should suspect her. But what did it matter? The worst had been when the beautiful river shone before her eyes. She could bear anything now—even this.

"I found it quite by chance, in the hollow of the larch-tree by the side veranda," she answered quietly, meeting his eye. "It must have been there a long time," she went on, calmly, but with a strange sadness in the tone for one who bore great tidings; "perhaps ten years," she added slowly.

Then a great light blazed in his face. His hand dropped from her arm. He seemed lost in a happy reverie. "Ah, yes; I know, I know; in the larch-tree. She thought I would find it there; but I went away home to Germany. Ah!" and the exclamation came like a cry, "what have I suffered! And she—I might have spared her all these dreadful years if I had known."

The words ended in a sob. He turned away. Then suddenly he started. "Where is she? Amy!" he shouted aloud. He pushed the widow aside, and would have sprung up the stairs had she not held him back. He had forgotten her existence. She was no more to him than any other woman in the world. The whole ten years had dropped away, and he stood again where he had parted from Amy Frere that summer day so long before.

"She is not here," Mrs. Benchley was trying to say. "She ran out into the woods a half an hour ago."

He did not pause to ask which direction she had taken. He had forgotten to thank the woman who stood aside meekly for him to pass. But there is a higher reward for self-sacrifice than even human appreciation, and though our prayers seem to return into our own bosom, they may nestle there like doves.

He darted away, and in a moment she saw him striding across the last summer flower-beds, tramping down the withered stalks in his haste; the wind tossing his long hair about his shoulders as he went.

"I had better go home now," she said, turning away and beginning slowly to mount the stairs. The tears, held back long, rose in a torrent and overflowed her eyes. As she hastened to wipe them away, all at once she remembered a letter received that morning, calling her elsewhere. She had hardly given it a thought at the time. The summons did not seem im-

perative. But now it would at least furnish an excuse, and she would go. She looked back at the hands of the old clock. It was not yet too late to catch the train. Her mind once moved to take this step, she was impatient to execute it. She sought Madame Pfeiffe and solicited her aid, overbearing every objection, her spirits rising each moment with the excitement of her haste. But when her kind hostess shed two little tears over the defeated hopes which she was yet too proud to own, jealous as she was for her son and all wrong in her suspicions, the widow could hardly resist the temptation which so strongly beset her to lay her head upon the good woman's shoulder and pour the whole story into her sympathizing ear. But here, too, pride came to the rescue, and she only kissed her and smiled, and murmured something, she hardly knew what. There are times when words count for nothing. A little motion of the lips, a sound to fill a pause, and show that life goes on, is only needed; and Hebrew or counting in Choctaw would answer as well as good old English. Then she ran away to prepare Flossy for this unexpected move, who waited aloud at the announcement. She was pacified at last, the hasty preparations all completed, and the carriage brought around to the door. "It is better so," the widow said, smiling through her tears, as she lingered alone for a moment to glance about the room and see that nothing had been forgotten. She looked half fearfully from her window towards the silent woods. The shadows from the overhanging branches moved across the lawn: a stray leaf floated down; but there was no sound of voices, no flutter of a woman's gown among the trees. "I have had my time of youth and love," she said softly, as though pleading with herself for another. Her eyes grew tender in retrospection; a gentle pity rose in her heart for this girl whose life had held nothing sweet; whose happiness had been so long delayed and hung upon so frail a thread that her fingers might have snapped it. Some one called to her from below. There was no time to spare, and yet she lingered. Suddenly she pulled from her finger a little circlet of forget-me-nots, blue as the waters of the lake, from the old city upon the banks of which it had been sent to her long years before, when she was younger and richer in hopes than now. She twisted it in a bit of paper, writing hastily upon it little Miss Frere's name. Then, as she passed her door, she stole in and dropped it upon her pillow. Perhaps they will yet remember and bless me, she thought, as she ran down the stairs. Madame Pfeiffe stood waiting at the door.

"What shall I do?" she said, helplessly. "I want to keep you; tell me how." She shaded her eyes and looked away in the distance. "What will Robert say? What can I tell him?" she asked faintly, a pink flush stealing up under the white curls.

"You will excuse me to him. Tell him I have had a letter which makes it necessary for me to go at once. At least," she corrected herself, remembering what they had talked about the night before,—"it seems best for me to go; and give little Miss Frere my love, my kindest love," she added.

All her bright manner had returned with the lightness of her heart. After all, was it not more blessed to give joy to these two hearts than to take it into her own, even? She kissed Madame Pfeiffe, who held up either cheek in hearty continental fashion; then the carriage door closed upon her. She leaned far out as she swept around the circle on the lawn. The sun shone deep into the heart of the woods, down the wide path over which the branches of the forest trees met and mingled. Out from the shadowy depths into the sunshine came two figures, slowly walking. They were the Professor and little Miss Frere. Madame Pfeiffe, too, observed their approach and went hastily to meet them. The widow saw the Professor give the girl into his mother's arms, then gathering her in his own as though she had been a child—but oh, how dear a child!—he bore her towards the house as the carriage disappeared over the brow of the hill.

## RUMINATING ANIMALS.

The Ruminants—forming a highly varied order of animals—feed principally on herbage. Wherever vegetation clothes the earth, it requires neither skill nor exertion, on their part, to seek and to devour the rich repast which is profusely spread at their feet. To remove from one pasture to another, to browse and to repose, constitute the peaceful employment of their lives, and satisfy the conditions of their being. To these purposes, therefore, the whole conformation of their skeleton, and especially of those parts which form the limbs, is adapted. The anterior extremities having only to support the weight of the fore part of the trunk, and to assist in progressive motion, have a less complicated arrangement of joints than we find in some other animals, and exhibit many of those consolidations of the bones which tend to simplify the structure, and to contribute to its strength. As these animals never engage in sanguinary warfare to satisfy the calls of appetite, but are often unprovided with any adequate means of defence from powerful and ferocious enemies, their only resource is a rapid and precipitate flight. Hence we find among them the fleetest of quadrupeds. In the gazelle, and similar animals, the parts comprising the hind legs are larger, and inclined to one another at angles more acute, than in other tribes of mammalia; so that they are always ready to spring forward on the slightest notice of danger, and instantly to commence their flight.—*Cassell's Natural History.*



ITALY.—It is said that the Pope has stated that he would leave Rome if the establishments of heads of religious orders were suppressed by the Italian Government.——A Royal decree was promulgated whereby the State takes possession formally of sixteen convents in Rome.——A slight eruption from Mount Vesuvius has been in progress during the past few days. No damage has been done, but the residents of the villages at the foot of the volcano are greatly alarmed.



For the Favorite.

# WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCOY CRAWFORD,  
OF PETERBORO, ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve," "Wrecked;  
ed; or, the Rosclerres of Mistree," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ANDROSIA'S WELCOME.

Androsia's heart quivered with fear and uncertainty as she learned from Archie that a few hours would introduce her to the home in which she was to find her dwelling-place. She knew absolutely nothing of what she was to meet on the threshold of her new life, and she clung to Winona as though she dreaded being separated from her familiar presence even for a moment; but her foster-sister was plunged into one of her dark reveries, and sat dumbly on the deck of the steamer, her dusky eyes looking straight forward, her slender hands clasped rigidly on her lap, not in the idle folding that denotes a pleasant rearing of *Château en Espagne*, but the fingers interlaced like bands of steel, the muscles tense and rigid.

Archie was considerably annoyed at this arrangement, for as Androsia would not leave Winona, and Winona would not leave the deck, both girls were exposed to a sharp, biting wind, with the first breath of winter in it, that came whistling amongst the Islands, brown, bare and melancholy under the low hanging sky of a dull grey. Androsia too had developed a sudden shyness of him that nearly drove him wild, and sent him to pacing the upper deck, trying to find soothing in a cigar. He felt a little fearful that he had betrayed his secret, and had frightened her into this sudden timidity, and he made many resolves to be extremely careful for the future. Ah, that lovely mirage the future! which we see veiled in delightful mists across the arid sands of the present; but never reach, or haply reaching, find barren rocks and tracts as hard and dewless as bricks of old Egypt.

Mike made himself very happy in the company of the Steward in whom he had discovered a fellow Emerald-Islander, and in that gentleman's private den amongst festoons of tea-cups that looked like a grove of crockery they exchanged reminiscences of the "ould country," over tumbler of some compound that at least was not tea.

There were few passengers on board, and those were of a class not likely to interest themselves in the little group on the fore-deck, and so the two girls were undisturbed save when Archie descended to inquire were they cold! or hungry! or tired? which he did on an average every ten minutes, and was always answered in low negatives by Androsia; Winona dumb as some figure of bronze, neither heeding nor answering him. She kept her arm closely clasped round Androsia, yet she did not speak even to her, but sat in the prow of the vessel looking forward, her brows contracted into a frown, her lips tightened over her clenched teeth, her long, black hair, which she had not yet learned the art of coiffuring properly, streaming over her in long masses of lustreless gloom.

The sun was declining when the steamer stopped at the wharf of the pretty little village near which lay Captain Frazer's home, and Archie's eyes sparkled as he observed his father's pretty little "Democrat" with its pair of spirited Lower Canadian ponies, drawn up near the platform. An erect little figure, with a great mass of yellow hair dashed about it by the frolicsome wind, and the jauntiest velvet cap on its bright head, held the reins of the lively ponies in slender gauntleted hands, that were firm at their task, and this little form waved its hand to Archie as he leant smiling over the side of the vessel. He pointed her out to Androsia.

"That's my mad cap sister Sidney," he said; "look at her, Miss Howard, I sincerely hope—"

what he hoped was left unsaid on account of an interruption in the voice of Mr. Murphy, who after an affectionate parting with his friend the steward, had issued from the shade of the crockery grove.

"Miss Drosia, asthore," said Mike, indicating Sid and her restless steeds, with affectionate interest, "that same's the purty little lady, I could ye of. Look well at her, honey, an' see if ye like her, for there's much in what's done by the first peep ov the eye."

Mike was sincerely desirous that Androsia should be at once prepossessed in favor of her new friends, and while she looked shyly at Sidney, he took off the coon-skin cap by the tall and executed a bow that was more remarkable for its profundity than grace. Sidney laughed and waved her whip in answer, and for the first time a faint smile grew in Androsia's eyes as she watched the young girl. She turned to Winona who leant in an attitude of singular grace against the railing watching the scene with something that was half pleasure and half pain in her fine eyes.

"She looks like the sunlight on a dancing stream, my sister," said Androsia, speaking in

in its short bronze curls, "and so will they all at home be. Is that your friend?"

It never entered Sidney's head to say "your maid," of the majestic, shrouded form standing with such a haughty poise of the slender figure a little apart.

"My sister Winona," explained Androsia, simply. Sidney looked speculatively at Winona, and extended her hand which the other just touched. Deely veiled as she was, Sidney recoiled a little before the eyes that burned out on her from behind the gloom of the heavy crepe; but her attention was at this moment called to Mike, and while Archie placed Androsia in the vehicle, she was so engaged talking to Mr. Murphy that she did not observe how intently the Indian girl was scrutinizing her every glance and movement. Winona was endeavoring to infer from this first specimen of those with whom Androsia's lot was to be cast, what chances of happiness the lonely girl would have.

"Girls," said Sid, "what do you think of 'Miss Drosia' and her dusky familiar?"

Sidney was seated on the hearth-rug before a blazing fire, her arms embracing her knees on which her dimpled chin rested. Dolly, like one of Correggio's Angels, in a flowing white peignoir,

"when I tell you that Archie is free to do as he likes. Cecil has given him up."

Sid sprang to her feet; and even Dolly let her brush fall, and turned a face of surprise on Olla.

"Olla," demanded Sid, "was that what grieved you so much the other day in Cecil's letter?"

"I will read it for you," replied Olla, evasively, "at least the passage that concerns Archie, listen: 'Mr. Denville was at the ball, and he was so attentive and delightful! What lovely eyes he has, and his moustache is just beautiful, and he waltzes so well, and that brings me to a little secret I have to tell you.'

"Theodore, I mean Mr. Denville, insisted on taking me into the conservatory after supper, and there he asked me something, and I said 'yes,' and you know what that means, my dear. I am awfully sorry for poor Archie, but I've been examining my heart and find I really don't love him the least bit. I hope he won't be worried and go about saying I jilted him for a richer man, for I'm sure there never was a less mercenary little thing than I am. I couldn't help Theodore being rich, could I? I think love in a cottage would be just perfectly

lovely, but one can't help one's heart, you know, love."

"Her heart!" said Sid, and was silent. Olla continued, "I'm sure you'll try and make everything pleasant, won't you, dear? for Denville is so particular that there's no knowing what might happen if he heard I treated Captain Frazer badly. I'm awfully done up after the excitement of last night, and so with love to darling Dolly and Sid, I am your own devoted,

CECIL BERTRAND."

"Olla," said Sid, solemnly, "the worst I can wish Theodore Denville, is that she won't jilt him if she has been telling the truth."

"Why should you suspect the reverse?" said Olla, a little eagerly, "tell me, dear."

"I'm not a goose, thank goodness," retorted Sid, her blue eyes flashing whole volumes of determination, "and if I don't find out Miss Cecil's tricks and expose her stories, I'll hide my head in the sand like an ostrich, and never look anyone in the face again. Olla! how can you be so silly?"

"What do you mean, little one?" said Olla, a faint blush stealing into

her cheeks, while her fingers nervously twisted the letter she still held, and her little foot tapped the carpet. Dolly, with an air of high-souled melancholy, was braiding her massive locks in glimmering gold about her Psyche head, vaguely conscious that Archie would probably be very miserable, and lamenting over it in her own fashion. Her home affections were strong, if nature had denied her more than a very slender modicum of intellect.

"Oh, you, goose," cried Sid, flinging her arms round Olla, and laying her rosy cheek against her sister's, "didn't the man love you, and what could make him turn from you to her, and when he knew that she was engaged to Archie. Oh, wait and see what you shall see!"

"Listen to me, Sid," said Olla, tremulously, "you must promise me not to interfere in any way with this affair. Probably we were mistaken, and you know he never absolutely said anything of that kind to me. Promise me, Sid."

"I won't, Olla," replied Sid, resolutely, "I am not likely to have a chance, but if I should I'll try and expose that monkey, if it were only for the good of society!"

"Sidney, dear, you don't know so much of the world as I do; Mr. Denville was perfectly at liberty to change his mind." Her voice quivered a little, but she smiled across at Dolly, who got up and glided to her.

"I'm so glad you don't care, dear," she said, laying her beautiful arm round Olla's neck; "and after all, he wore such hideous neck-ties! Quite frightful, Olla dear," and Dolly leant over Olla like some guardian angel, sent to comfort and console, her pensive eyes humid, a look of melancholy retrospect on her pure face as she thought of the neck-ties.

The touch about Theodore Denville's depraved taste in neck-ties came just at the right moment, for despite herself, Olla was quivering through all her being with suppressed emotion. Dolly's simple remark turned the tide, and in a moment she had subdued the rising grief that she would not have had mortal eye look upon



"WINONA'S FAREWELL OF ANDROSIA."

the Indian tongue, which fell like softly sonorous music from her lips.

"My sister speaks the thing that is," responded Winona, taking Androsia's hand in hers, "she will be happy with these strange faces before another moon has passed."

"Divil a doubt ov it," remarked Mike who, though he understood the language of the red man, scorned to speak it, "an' moreover, an' no offense meant, its nathural that she'd take to them as wears the same colored skin as her own purty self."

"You are right," said Winona in English, which she spoke better than did Androsia, and her face was full of a tremulous shadow nearly akin to tears, but yet with an inner light of gladness shining through it. She drew Androsia's arm closely to her side, and the next moment the party had landed.

Sidney received Archie with a joyous outburst, and for a few minutes had neither ears nor eyes for his companions.

"You dear old boy," she exclaimed, "I scandalized the whole family by insisting on coming for you myself, so that I might have the first glimpse, and there wasn't room for Spinks, I drove France and Friskey down myself. How well you're looking. Oh what a fright we were in about you when we heard of your being shot. Archie dear, I'm so glad to see you," and two bright tears rolled slowly down Sid's face, that was all dimpled with quivering smiles, and glowing with excitement.

Archie, despite the loungers and loafers on the wharf, caught her in a warm embrace as she leant down to him from the vehicle, and then directed her attention to Androsia and Winona. Winona had pulled her heavy veil down, and stood a little apart wrapped in her black mantle, but Androsia was looking very earnestly at Sid, and as the latter turned towards her, she put out her hand and laid it in the young girl's with a smile that was singularly expressive.

"I'm very glad to see you, Miss Howard," said Sid much taken by the sweet face, framed

was brushing her blonde hair, as though it were some religious exercise, and Olla, with her eyes shaded by her little, brown hand, was gazing into the glowing caverns of the fire.

"I don't know, I'm sure, dear," said Dolly, "she doesn't do her back hair nicely at all."

"They seem beautiful and interesting, though in widely different ways," said Olla, gently, "and I think Androsia will rapidly acquire more than common style and grace. Winona, of course, is simply unique."

"And it's meself is glad ov that same," as Mike would say, laughed Sid. "Her eyes blaze in the dark like furnaces, and she walks about with that long, silent, shadowy step that one reads of in novels, and when she sits thinking she shews her white teeth like a wolf."

"I thought she was drowned or something," said Dolly, vaguely. "Mike said she was, you know."

"We shall hear her adventures to-morrow; I suppose," remarked Sid, "it will be as good, no, a great deal better than a novel. Won't it, Olla?"

"Perhaps so," said Olla; "she looks as though she had suffered a great deal both mentally and physically."

"Do you know what I think," continued Sid, leaning her head back on her elder sister's knee, who sat in a dimly covered arm-chair behind her. "I think it's a thousand pities that Archie should be engaged to Cecil Bertrand, when it would be so much nicer for him to marry Androsia and get so much money, and I know Cecil doesn't care for him one bit. She as much as said so once. I wish Archie were free. There O! you nearly jerked my head off!"

Olla had risen suddenly and gone over to the toilette table, where she was apparently searching for something. She came back to the fire presently with a pink letter smelling of heliotrope in her hand, but she did not resume her seat, and stood leaning against the mantel-piece where her face was a little in the shadow.

"I am not betraying confidence," she said,



Sidney, however, was not deceived, and though she said no more, her resolve deepened and strengthened to come at the secret of Denville's sudden change.

"There's one comfort," she said, "Archie doesn't seem to be much grieved. Has he told you anything about it yet, Olla?"

"No," answered Olla, thoughtfully; "but he seems quite cheerful. I daresay he will mention it in time."

Sidney and Dolly were soon asleep in the white curtained beds at the other side of the room, but for hours Olla sat beside the dying fire thinking and suffering, and making her grief familiar to herself. She heard the clock strike two before she prepared to seek her couch, and she roused herself to find her limbs stiff with cold, and to hear a dull rain beating drearily against the windows.

The house was quiet as the grave, but her long vigil had left the girl in a state of trembling nervousness. No matter how mentally and physically courageous one is, there are times that a black horror of we know not what seizes us, and we rise and flee from the spot we are in, although the sunlight may be pouring its cheerful tide over us. A sudden terror, inexplicable and fearful, of solitude, seizes us, and we rush to seek the presence of our kind, to laugh and wonder at our sudden fear of nothing.

The regular breathing of the sleepers made the loneliness more intolerable, and with hearing strained to the utmost, as though expectant of some ghostly sound to break the stillness, Olla, hastily and shivering, prepared to seek her couch.

It seemed to her as though through the rain there came faint sounds, rather suggestions of noise than the thing itself, and sitting on the side of her bed, she listened intently. If any there had been, it was not repeated, and convincing herself that she had been mistaken, she crept into bed, and worn out with emotion and fatigue, was soon asleep.

In the meantime a very different scene was taking place in a distant part of the house.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### WINONA'S DEPARTURE.

The silvery chime of the drawing-room clock rang through the silent house, dropping one mellow peal through the quiet. The dismal sound of quiet, monotonous rain beating against the windows and dripping from the eaves and verandas, and the faint rustling of the bare branches were the only sounds audible after the prolonged reverberation of the sounding hour had died away. A faint, ghostly light from the lobby windows stole greyly in, for there was a moon, though hidden by a pall of sombre clouds. The illumination was, however, sufficient to guide Winona, who, a few moments after the hour had struck, softly opened the door of her apartment, and after listening intently, emerged from the room, closing the door softly behind her. Like a black shadow in the uncertain light, she glided along the narrow passage and laid her hand softly on the door of the chamber occupied by Androsia, and which adjoined her own.

She turned it softly, and pushing the door slightly open, peered in through the gloom, and, satisfied that Androsia was buried in profound sleep, glided into the apartment. The window curtains were not closed, and the room was full of a shadowy light, by which every object was dimly visible.

Closing the door behind her, the Indian girl glided to the bedside of her foster-sister, which stood directly in the light falling across the floor from the window, and stood motionless, gazing down upon the sleeper, whose face was plainly discernible. Winona was completely dressed in her European costume, and she carried on her arm a long mantle and a hat with a veil attached to it. Her long hair fell unbound nearly to her knees, and the spectral light fell weirdly on her dusky face and burning eyes.

For nearly half an hour she stood motionless, gazing down at the lovely face smiling in sleep, the rosy lips parted and showing the dainty white teeth, and the mass of short curls streaming out over the pillow. The face expressed perfect happiness and repose; and as Winona looked a lofty satisfaction stole over her dark face. She knew that Androsia was happy, and her residence of a few days under the roof of her foster-sister's guardian had convinced her that she need not fear for the continuance and growth of Androsia's pleasure and content. Had it been otherwise she would almost have persuaded herself to relinquish her present design in order to keep watch and ward over one whom she was about taking a last farewell of. She knew as she stood in the melancholy midnight gloom that she would never look upon her face again in this world; and her religion did not teach her to hope for a meeting with a daughter of the pale-faces in a future state. She might look back, but it was not given her to look forward in this case. Androsia's life and hers had been so closely interwoven that an earthly future that did not hold the girl for her was simply a hideous blank, darkness, from which her soul recoiled, but which contained in its black bosom one mighty thing that was powerful enough to lure her on her present path, one lurid fire that lightened with its burning tide the horrid blackness.

She felt that the success she hungered for in her present plans would place an insurmountable barrier between herself and the innocent girl she loved, but she was content that it should be so. Androsia's life would be no love-

less blank now, of that she felt assured, for she had read Archie's heart with keen eyes and found him worthy, and she knew that Androsia loved him.

It was not to engage in a mental struggle with herself that she now sought Androsia's side. Her plans were fixed; the conflict with herself was over, and it was merely to satisfy her lonely soul with a last glance at the sleeping face that she had come.

"I must leave her a gift to remember Winona by," she muttered softly, and gliding to a little stand in the window she lifted from it a pair of scissors, and in a couple of moments her magnificent hair lay in a black mass at her feet. She lifted it, and without a change of countenance, tore a strip from the crape veil attached to the hat she carried, and tying it round the heavy raven tresses laid them on the white quilt beside her foster-sister. Then she lifted one of the sleeping girl's bright curls, and cautiously severing it from her head, thrust it into her bosom. Her countenance during all this never varied by so much as the quiver of an eyelid. She was showing all the haughty stolidism of her race.

She leant closely over Androsia as though to embrace her, but the girl stirred slightly and she slipped back into the shadow, and waited until she had sunken again into profound slumber.

The wind was rising, sobbing in low dismal wailings round the house, and the intense chill that precedes dawn increased the coldness of the atmosphere.

With a footstep as noiseless as thistle-down Winona stole from the room without venturing a second time to approach the bed. As she closed the door her footsteps faltered for a second, and her hand lingered on the handle, as though at the last moment her resolution was giving way, but in a moment she had risen triumphant over the passing weakness, and shutting the door softly stole down the passage.

At the head of the stairs she paused and looked over the balustrade into the hall beneath. It was empty and ghostly in the deadened light that forced itself through the stained glass that surrounded the hall door, and flitting down the stairs that barely creaked under her feet, Winona reached the large square hall and paused for a second glancing into the drawing-room, the door of which stood open.

The Venetian blinds were closed; but she knew where to lay her hand on what she wanted, and disappearing into the intense gloom of the room, she reappeared almost instantly with something that glittered blue in the uncertain light of the hall, in her hand. She thrust it into the bosom of her dress and reascended the stairs as noiselessly as she had descended, gaining her own chamber without having disturbed any of the sleeping household. Once in its shelter she locked and bolted the door, and approaching the window, raised the sash cautiously. The window opened on the roof of a side veranda, and without a moment's hesitation she sprang out into the driving rain, and with the agility of a panther slipped down the lattice-work and reached the soaked ground as easily as she would have run along a level path. She crept cautiously under the dripping trees, until she found herself on the front lawn, and then for a moment she paused and looked steadily back at the dark outlines of the house she was leaving, taking care to remain under the dark shadows of the maples that were rattling their skeleton arms in the sobbing wind, lest any one should chance to look from the windows and catch a glimpse of the desolate figure standing in the drifting rain.

The wind, in its rising strength, had torn the sullen clouds into great rifts, edged with silver by the still hidden moon, and as she stood looking back, like a shining bark parting from a clinging mist, the moon rode suddenly into a narrow space of star-gemmed blue, and threw a lovely, but melancholy, light over the whole scene. It paled, faded, and died, as the fleecy edges of a hurrying bank of clouds received her, and all was darker than before.

Neither moon or stars or the eye of man looked on Winona, as, with a mute gesture of farewell, she turned and fled into the black shadows of the pine-grove, where the white angel guarded with folded pinions the memorial stone of Colonel Howard and the unfortunate Farmer.

For a few moments she paused, looking earnestly at the face gleaming whitely on her from the darkness. It was a delicate and spiritual likeness of him who had won all the love of her wild heart, and vowed her his in return. It was one of the strangest anomalies of this strange nature that, though Farmer had turned from her dusky beauty to win and wear, if possible, her foster-sister, that though her feelings towards him had changed to unfathomable hate, unquenched even by his death, her love for Androsia had never for an instant wavered in its strength and fidelity. Androsia was to her a purer, higher, brighter self. Part of Androsia's seemingly unfounded dislike of the husband chosen for her by her father was owing to a vague consciousness of the hidden treachery of his conduct towards Winona, who, however, had disdained to lay bare the cruel wound to any human eye. She could suffer this as, in the same way, she would have chanted her own death-song at the stake, and smiled defiance as the flames licked her tender skin; but a woman can feel where she cannot plainly see, and Androsia's nature was singularly sympathetic.

The great drops fell through the pines to the sodden ground in a ceaseless patter, and a stronger wind began to sway their dark crests.

With the step of her race, long, panther-like and noiseless, Winona glided to the river's edge, and disappeared among the darkness. A desolate phantom-like form, flitting into the mysterious mists that rose from the mighty stream that flowed, silent in its vastness, through leagues of shadows, like some gigantic vision of a solemn and inexplicable dream.

It was Archie's last morning at home, and the household was early astir in order that he might catch the early train for Toronto at the next town, which we will call Brampton.

It was intensely cold, with icicles half-a-yard long hanging, like crystal spears in an enchanted armory, from the eaves, and the trees glistening in a coat of ice like warriors arrayed in mail of diamonds. The sun was brilliant, and the sky that unapproachable blue seen alone in American skies, especially during the winter.

A great fire of dry beech and maple roared on the hearth of the breakfast room, for winter was truly laying his icy claw on the land, and Mrs. Frazer, with a look of gravity that her face of late had constantly worn, was making breakfast. The table gleamed in the sunlight and firelight with heavy, old-fashioned silver, and the flower-stands were banks of bloom and perfume. Brown-eyed Olla, serene and gracious, like Werther's Charlotte, was cutting bread and butter, and Dolly was looking out of the window, twining her white fingers in the cord of her white morning-dress. Sidney, like a household Flora, was busy amongst the plants, her lovely head rising from the flowers radiant in the glancing sunlight.

Archie was in the library with his father, and Androsia and Winona had not yet appeared.

They were unusually silent, and for once Sidney forgot to sing at her fragrant task, which, I must confess, was the only household industry that ever threw its chains round her.

"Ah, here's Androsia, mamma," she said, as the door opened and Miss Howard came in, looking anxiously round the apartment as she paused on the threshold. Her tall, willowy figure showed to great advantage in her new style of dress, and she had not lost that shy grace that had distinguished her always. Her color varied as she looked from one to another.

"Where is Winona?" she said abruptly. "See what I found on my bed this morning! Where is Winona?" There was a ring of alarm in her voice, and the color came and went like a flame blown by the wind. The sunlight flashed in her deep eyes as they glanced from one to the other of the group.

Sid came from amongst the flowers and Dolly turned from the window.

"My dear," said Mrs. Frazer, turning very pale, "what is that, and what do you mean?" She laid her hand on the table as though to steady herself, and looked at Androsia with some underlying terror in her eyes. Androsia's eyes, shining and dilated, turned and held hers.

She tried to speak, but the cords of her tongue seemed stiffened, and she stood looking dumbly at Mrs. Frazer.

Olla went to her and drew her into the room. She quietly opened her clenched hand, and took from it the object that had drawn Mrs. Frazer's attention.

"Mamma," she said, in a tone of surprise and alarm, "what can this mean? This is a mass of long black hair tied with a torn piece of crape."

"I think I can guess what it means," ejaculated Sidney. "Winona's gone! She was like a caged creature while she was here."

Her words electrified Androsia. Her temples crimsoned. Her eyes became dark and stormy.

"Winona gone!" she said with superb disdain. "No. Sidney speaks foolishness. Why should Winona leave her sister? She is abroad, but she will return."

Even as she spoke, the inborn knowledge that her words were merely words broke her voice into a low wail of terror. She slipped on her knees, and pressed the raven tresses of Winona convulsively to her heart. Then she sprang to her feet and rushed to the door, a new idea lending her a momentary hope.

"He will find her for me," she cried, with her hand on the door. Already she had learned to turn to Archie in her trouble.

Mrs. Frazer detained her with a hand that trembled.

"My child," she said, "you have not told us what is really the matter. Perhaps you are alarming yourself needlessly."

"Winona is gone," replied Androsia, shaking off the slender hand. "I must find her!"

Mrs. Frazer looked imploringly at her eldest daughter, and in a moment Olla's round arm was clasped firmly round the waist of the terrified and excited creature.

"Listen to me, dear," she said, calming her at once by her magnetic touch and glance, "if Winona is really missing, you know her too well to doubt that she will return to you, you whom she loves so entirely. But it is not certain that she is gone. What makes you think that she is not out for a ramble?"

Tears, like great diamonds were pouring silently down Androsia's face. She looked in Olla's face and shook her head.

"I feel it," she answered in a tone of perfect conviction. "She left me this that she might dwell in my heart, when I should see her no more."

Sidney was much distressed at Androsia's grief, and Dolly looked on with eyes like humid violets.

Mrs. Frazer had quietly left the apartment,

signing to Olla to detain Androsia. She crossed the hall quickly and entered the library, closing the door behind her.

Captain Frazer and Archie were seated at a small table, conversing with faces of considerable thoughtfulness. The former looked up quickly as his wife entered. Her eyes were fixed on him with an expression of deep tenderness and holy pity, and he was not slow to read something unusual in their glance. Archie rose from his chair as his mother entered and came gaily up to her, but his face changed as he looked down into hers. She clasped her fingers round his strong hand but gazed past him at her husband, whose rugged face looked old and care-worn in the morning light. Startled too as his eyes read hers. His lips moved as though to speak and he leant forward, his muscular hands grasping the arms of his invalid chair.

"It is as we dreaded, Richard," she said, quickly, and keeping one hand on the door as though to prevent intrusion, "Winona is gone!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the old officer, he would not probably have shown the agitation that he now evinced. He bounded in the chair as though he were about casting aside his infirmity and spring erect, and his dark face changed to an awful ashen hue. Great drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead, and his dark eyes flashed with horror. Inexpressibly surprised and shocked at his appearance, Archie hastened to him, his mother still holding his hand as though the contact gave her strength.

"Open the window!" gasped Captain Frazer, "I am suffocating."

Archie dashed open the window, and the exhilarating, frosty air pouring in, revived the old man almost instantaneously.

"My dear Richard," said his wife in a tone of infinite compassion, laying her hand in his, which closed over it in a tense grasp.

"How do you know, when did it happen?" he said hoarsely, and in a few words Mrs. Frazer explained what had occurred.

Archie listened in amazement, not so much at the event itself, as at its reception by his father, whom he knew as a man reticent though cordial, and possessed of almost complete self-control. The flight of the Indian girl was certainly not a home-sorrow darkening their hearth, and a thing not altogether unanticipated by him. Androsia would grieve, of that there was little doubt, but on the whole he felt a somewhat selfish pleasure in her flight. Androsia would be more his very own.

"Why, father," he said, by way of suggesting something, as a dead pause followed, during which Captain Frazer leant his brow on his hands, and Mrs. Frazer stood looking at him, her hand resting on his shoulder, "she will probably return when she is tired of rambling through the woods. Recollect her race!"

"I do," murmured the old man, looking at him, "and therein lies my grief. Vindictive, revengeful, sure and swift on the trail of an enemy as a sleuth-hound. Relentless as fire or pestilence."

A new light broke on Archie and something of the old untamed spirit of his Celtic ancestors blazed in his eyes.

"By Jove, sir," he exclaimed, starting to his feet, "if you think that is her errand, I wish her every success. If I met him myself I would feel my fingers tingle to choke the life out of his cowardly carcass."

Archie's fine face fired, and his form seemed actually to dilate in his anger. He clenched his strong hands, and stretched out his long arms as though he saw an abhorred enemy standing in his path. His mother ran to him and laid her hand on his mouth.

"Hush," she cried, in a voice shaking with horror. "Oh, hush!"

Captain Frazer turned his ghastly face with a look that sent the blood in cold waves back to his son's heart.

"Do you know that you are calling for the blood of your brother?" he said, in a low intense voice. "Worthy of death he may be, but neither by your hand or will."

"My brother!" echoed Archie, and then there was a dead silence in the room, broken only by the sound of a bird singing in a cage, and the embers dropping on the hearth.

(To be continued.)

## THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"There can't nobody fool me," said Squire Dapplebee, with an indescribable contortion of his parchment-colored physiognomy. "Them city chaps is full o' their tricks and traps, but I guess they'll find I wasn't born yesterday. And if Henry Darrock comes here, niece Deborah, I've got your father's orders to fall back upon: he shan't see you! George Dapplebee knew what he was about when he sent you here to keep you out of the way of the ravening wolves and foxes."

"Yes; but Uncle Dapplebee—" "No, you don't, my dear," said the Squire, slowly rolling his head round and round within a stiff white wall of shirt collar, and closing one eye in a wink. "Buts an't no go here, as you'll find out before you've been at Dapplebee farm a week."

Deborah Dapplebee bit her lip, and bent lower over her sewing, a bit of snowy cambric rustling, without trusting herself to reply to this piece of oracular wisdom. She was a pretty, trim little brunette, with shining black hair parted across a broad, low brow, great liquid brown eyes, and



the archest of dainty pug noses—a girl who knew the artistic effects of color, and delighted in bows of vivid scarlet ribbon, fastened in unexpected places, and brilliant sprays of geranium or verbenas in her hair. One never could have conjectured, to look at her face, that Debby Dapplebee had been crossed in love; yet such was the fact. Miss Dapplebee was a sensible damsel; she neither took to secret tears nor wasting consumption on this account, but quietly bided her time, having a firm faith that Fate and Cupid together would work out their own salvation.

"Now, Debby," said the Squire, after a moment or two of meditative silence, "you just listen to reason. It's natural enough you should want to get married. Gals always do. And there's your cousin Petronius Jones would be glad of a wife—a sober, steady young man as ever was, with a snug farm and money at interest. Think o' that, now. Where's Harry Darrock in comparison with him, I'd like to know? A poor, miserable medical student, without a penny to back him, and no prospects in particular, as ever I heard on, without it was the prospect of starvin' to death!"

"Uncle," cried Debby, "you shall not talk so. Harry is too good and true and noble to be thus abused."

"Fiddle!" quoth Uncle Dapplebee. "Debby, I didn't know George Dapplebee's daughter could be such a softy."

"I don't care," went on Debby, flushed and sparkling. "I will not listen to it. And all you say, Uncle Dapplebee, has but one effect, that of making me more resolved than ever about it."

At this the Squire subsided into silence, but like the celebrated parrot, he thought all the more. And the longer he considered the long and the short, and the pro and the con of the matter, the more firmly he resolved that pretty Deborah should become Mrs. Petronius Jones, and that Harry Darrock should be left to wear the willow at his leisure.

"The money ought to be kept in the family," argued the Squire within himself, "and the child must listen to reason."

So Squire Dapplebee rolled himself up in a certain hideous swathing of brown and green knitted work that he called his "comforter," and went off to the post-office.

Two letters—one directed in a crooked, straggling hand, to "Mr. Esquire Isaac Dapplebee;" the other for "Miss Deborah Dapplebee," a boldly written missive, sealed with a clear round circle of scarlet wax.

The latter Squire Dapplebee deliberately tore in two pieces and flung out into the street.

"I've seen that are handwritin' afore," said he. "Communications is cut off, my young friend, if only you knowed it."

The first epistle he opened at his leisure. It contained a few coarsely scrawled lines, extending crosswise across the page.

"Honored Sir. If you would obtain evidence of what is True, and convince miss D. D., go to Mr. Durruk's this evening between eight and ten, Number 17 Brooke st. their is a card-shindy, Licker and gambling. See for yourself what the caracktir of the Man is—and no more at present from

"Yours too Command

"A WELL WISHER."

Twice Squire Dapplebee read this by no means scholarly effusion before he fully comprehended its import. Then he carefully folded it, and placed it in his faded red-leather pocket-book.

"I don't know who it is," thought the Squire, "but, anyways, I'm obliged to him for the hint, and I'll drop round there. Ha, ha, ha! Darrock'll have one guest he didn't quite calculate for!" and the Squire rubbed his hands in a sort of stealthy exultation.

"Uncle," said pretty Deborah that evening, "the sleighing is splendid, isn't it?"

"Pretty fair, my dear," answered Uncle Dapplebee.

"Won't you take me to town this evening? I want to ask mamma for the pattern of my gored apron?"

"Not this evening, my dear," said the Squire. "Some other time. I've got business."

So the Squire harnessed up, and drove swiftly away, leaving Debby sitting at the window, her cheek leaning on one hand, and her great brown eyes gazing out wistfully into space.

"Praps Cousin Petronius will be round this evening," called back the Squire, by way of consolation; but he did not see the grimace that twisted up Deborah's scarlet lips at this idea.

As straight as old Dobbin and the cutter could carry him, the old Squire posted to 17 Brooke street. His informant was in so far correct that the front of the mansion was all shining with lights.

"So it's a big party, eh?" reflected the Squire. "Now, how on earth does the fellow get money for this 'ere sort o' thing? I wouldn't a bit wonder if he was connected with some o' them counterfeitin' gangs we so often read about?"

His knock at the door was anticipated by a white-aproned colored man, who opened it with a flourish, and Squire Dapplebee found himself in a wide, brilliantly lighted hall, the staircase wreathed with flowers, and the sound of merry music proceeding from the parlors within, which were filled with guests. A portly gentleman with a white waistcoat appeared in the door-way; a lady in crimson velvet and feathers peeped over his shoulder.

"Eh?" quoth this gentleman. "What?"

"I've come to the card-party!" said Squire Dapplebee, with a desperate clutch at his fast

"There's no card-party here!" cried the portly gentleman. "What the deuce do you mean, fellow?"

"Does Harry Darrock lodge here?" demanded the Squire.

"Does this look like a lodging house?" shouted the gentleman, waxing wroth. "James, call the police at once. I believe this fellow is a sneak thief."

And, in spite of his remonstrances, Squire Dapplebee was unceremoniously hustled out by the white-waistcoated gentleman and the black servant.

"I've been imposed upon," meditated the Squire, feeling as if he had been broiled, cold and frosty as was the night. "Some scoundrel has been making a fool of me! For there's the number '17 Brooke street' plain enough, and here be I, turned out o' doors like a Yankee peddler, or a tract distributor, or some o' them doubtful characters as goes round stealin' umbrellers and great coats!"

And the Squire drove home, consoling himself by thinking what he would do, if only he could catch his false informant.

He strode indignantly into the house, feeling that it would be a sort of escape valve for his feelings to scold at Deborah a little. For was not she, indirectly, to blame for the whole thing?

But only the cat and the crickets and the blazing wood-fire were there.

"Where's Debby?" roared the Squire.

Chloe, the old colored woman, shuffled in from the kitchen with her hand behind her ear; the Squire repeated his question as if he were bawling half across his farm.

"O!" said Chloe, "Miss Debby! Yes; she's gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"Dunno!" Chloe answered indifferently.

"Alone?"

"No, mas'r. Young gen'lman, wid a gay fine cutter, come and took her off."

"A—young—gentleman!" repeated Uncle Dapplebee, feeling his muscles stiffening with horror. "Not—not my cousin Petronius?"

"Bless your heart, sir, no!" cried Chloe.

"Dis yer was a proper handsome young gen'lman, wid bright blue eyes, and a voice as clear as a bell."

Squire Dapplebee dropped limply into a chair.

"It's that—that vagabond Darrock!" he roared. "The villain! to come and take her away, under my very nose, when brother George Dapplebee sent her here expressly to get her out of his way! Chloe, what on earth made you let her go?"

"Nobody never told me not," Chloe answered stolidly. And then she went back to her task of raisin seedling in the kitchen; for although the skies fell, Chloe felt that the mince-pie making must proceed just the same.

Deborah came back in about a week, as Mrs. Henry Darrock, radiant as a May morning; and Cousin Petronius Jones is still in search of some one who will have him. As for the Squire, he declares that he has washed his hands of all such tomfoolery, and will neither meddle nor move, hereafter, in the love affairs of his nephews and nieces. Sensible Squire Dapplebee!

#### "FOR THOUGHTS."

A pansy on his breast she laid,  
Splendid and dark with Tyrian dyes;  
"Take it; 'tis like your tender eyes,  
Deep as the midnight heaven," she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek,  
Before him like the dawn she stood,  
Pausing upon life's height, subdued,  
Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white as winter stars, intense  
With steadfast fire, his brilliant face  
Bent toward her with an eager grace,  
Pae with a rapture half suspense.

"You give me then a thought, O sweet!"  
He cried, and kissed the purple flower,  
And bowed by love's resistless power,  
Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head  
With one caress of her white hand;  
"Rise up, my flower of all the land,  
For all my thoughts are yours," she said.

Scribner's for February.

(For the Favorite.)

### COUSIN TOM: OR, MY FIRST ATTEMPT.

BY E. A. SUTTON,

OF QUEBEC.

I have commenced, what philosophers might term, the downhill part of the journey of life; or, in more prosaic language, I've turned fifty. I live in solitary grandeur, am blessed with contentment; possess a tolerably good idea of hot punch and a pipe; and in fine, I'm one of those much abused, much maligned, but at the same time, much envied class of human beings known as old bachelors.

I admit that at times the heels of my stockings, are a little more transparent than is comfortable; the button-holes of my shirts about four times as large as they ought to be; and the buttons themselves generally nowhere.

I must admit all this, and I own too, that I sometimes feel a little downhearted and lonely, and that there's a want of something, or other, in the house, I can't tell what; but still, admitting all this, I do not altogether dislike my lot, and it must not be imagined that because I now play a lone hand, that I never had any other intention. No, not at all.

Thirty years ago, my ideas of the future were just as double as those of any young fellow I know of the present day. My heart had once upon a time its little ebb and flow of pleasing sensations like anybody else's; but I never made more than one serious attempt at love. Alas! that one was sufficient for me; that terrible event I shall never forget, and for anybody's benefit that chooses I will now relate it.

When I was twenty-five I was admitted to practise at the bar, and announced myself to the public by a little black sign, with yellow letters, hung outside the door of a dirty little office in the village of Brookdale. I may here be allowed to give testimony to the fact that the good people of Brookdale were capital folks on squabbles and law-suits, and, indeed, no better place could be found as the starting point of such an ambitious young genius as I then imagined myself to be.

I commenced operations early in the autumn, and by the following spring my practice had increased wonderfully, so that I began to feel quite comfortable. By and by came the summer with its hot and dusty days, and as business became somewhat relaxed I resolved upon taking a few holidays, and I accordingly made up my mind to go down to a neighboring city, and share the hospitality of an old maiden aunt of mine who lived there.

I was always a pet of aunt Jerusha's, and of course it is unnecessary for me to say that she received me well. I shall never forget that dark, dingy, quiet old house of hers; I shall never forget those nice little white tea-cups embellished with blue blossoms, and capable of holding exactly three thimblefuls of very delicate tea; I shall never forget the lot of sweet-scented geraniums that so stoutly resisted every blessed ray of sunshine, that happened to stray towards my window; nor aunt Jerusha's little kitten, with a pink ribbon around her neck, a little monster of iniquity that used to scratch the knees of my pantaloons, and prick the calves of my legs without the slightest compunction; nor that hairy lap-dog that kept up such a musical yelp for twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four. Oh, no! I can never forget any of the divers curiosities appertaining to aunt Jerusha's household, nor the shoe-and-buckle, white-cap, Quakerlike appearance of my aunt herself. Of course my habits must need be quiet, for a while at least, and when I was not entertaining the good old lady with the history of adventures that never happened, I occupied myself by smoking in my room, intently gazing all the while upon a very antiquated print of Moses crossing the Red Sea. Thus, I kept within doors most respectfully for two or three days, but at length my stock of patience began to get worn out, and I promised myself a little more of the sights of the city. Off I started, and kept buzzing around continually, leaving aunt Jerusha to amuse herself, by conjecturing as to my whereabouts, and denying to the cat and the dog, and Moses, and the geraniums, the glorious advantages of my company.

I commenced to get acquainted outside, and soon had the pleasure of being introduced to dozens of papas, mammas, sweet girls and pretty children. I got into a whirl of dissipation, a perfect round of tea parties, quadrille parties, whist parties, and heaven knows what else. But the climax of all was coming. Mrs. Alderman Blowabout, an old friend of aunt Jerusha's, was to give a grand ball, and, of course, I was amongst the invited.

The night appointed for the ball arrived in due time, and on entering the room I found myself in the midst of a scene of brilliancy and beauty that brought to my recollection the tales of enchantment I used to indulge in fifteen years before. Such lamps! such dresses! such flowers! Oh! what a place it was, to be sure, for a country lawyer! What a spectacle it was! I only wish I was a poet, so that I could describe it properly; but I'm not, so I'll merely confine myself to what happened.

Of course I paid my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Alderman Blowabout, and shook hands with all the little Blowabouts. Then, as for the young ladies, why, in less than five minutes I became the interesting centre of a lovely circle of silks, muslin, flowers and fans. The dear creatures, all seemed to like me, and why not? for, although I now wear a wig, spectacles, and false teeth, it must be remembered that I was once upon a time, at least, good-looking. But while I was ensconced in this envied corner doing my best to pay compliments, and, at the same time, pocket those I received, my eyes suddenly caught sight of a star, which certainly eclipsed all the other constellations of the room in brilliancy and beauty. I can't say more than that I was struck. It was a perfect apparition of loveliness. I grew poetic. I thought of all the goddesses in the heathen mythology. I thought of all of Shakespeare's heroines. I thought of all the works of the great masters; but everything I thought of fell short. Miss Euphemia Blowabout, and the other young ladies who were seated near me did not seem to be a bit too well pleased with my abstraction, but I coldly "turned from their gaze" and enquired of Mr. Hector Hopp, jun., a young bud who stood close to my chair, if he could inform me a little as to the strange beauty that had just arrived.

"Why bless me, old fellow!" said Mr. Hopp. "Don't you know the Muff belle? Gad! she's

the weak point of half the young fellows of the city."

"The name again, please," I asked rather eagerly, my feelings showing themselves awfully. "Muff, Sir, Muff, Miss Marjory Muff father, wealthy brewer, you know, heiress, and all that kind of thing."

"Enough," said I, "now then, here goes for an introduction."

This I easily obtained, and thus gratified the first yearning of my ambition. O! how she did talk, and then how I talked! and how I said foolish things! and how she laughed at them! I soon forgot everything and every body in the room but Marjory.

The night wore on, and we danced and flirted, and flirted and danced. I had the high honor of escorting my beauty to supper, and after that, for two hours and a half or so, but what seemed to me to be only ten minutes, we sat in a quiet corner, and she kept constantly chafing me on the nose with her fan, while I responded by drawing ninety-nine contrasts between the roses on her cheeks and the flowers on her head, always allowing of course for the infinite superiority of the former. She condescended to vouchsafe a little of her history, which was very interesting. She mentioned something about beer and porter, and her pa, and said I should be immediately introduced to ma, and then she informed me of my possessing a striking resemblance to cousin Tom, a naughty boy. She liked cousin Tom, but pa did not.

And indeed she liked me because I resembled cousin Tom. I felt very happy all the while, although, I must confess, a little pang of uneasiness shot right through me, whenever she spoke of this cousin Tom. I thought it would sound much nicer if she declared that she liked cousin Tom because he resembled me. I expressed a wish to see the Muff paterfamilias, but upon Marjory informing me that he was engaged in the card-room I deferred my acquaintanceship. Not long after, however, I had the great pleasure of being introduced to Miss Marjory's mamma, a stiff-looking lady, more portly than good-looking, and gaily decked out in satin and plumes. The hour of separation drew nigh, but before it arrived I received a pressing invitation from Marjory to "drop over" for an hour on the following evening as they should be all alone, and I should have more leisure to converse with her pa, who would, no doubt, be delighted with my company, and as I had only but one day more to spend in the city I assented most cheerfully to her request.

If anybody said that I looked like a loon, on my return home that morning, it would certainly be no injustice to approve of their discretion. Aunt Jerusha had a wholesome horror of tipsy men, but I can't say how she must have felt on seeing me, for I think I looked worse than tipsy. She remarked, indeed, that there was something wrong, but I only made her silly answers, and finally almost drove her to distraction by treading upon the lap-dog's tail, and then laughing most cruelly at the little wretch's agony.

I wished fervently for evening; I longed for the happy hour that would bless me with one more vision of my Muff goddess. I thought the day twice as long as it should be, and tried to while it away by studying and rehearsing nice love passages from Shakespeare and half a dozen other poets.

But at length appearances commenced to grow better. The lazy sun went down at last, the welcome shades of twilight began to wrap themselves around aunt Jerusha's old house, the three-thimbleful cups appeared once more on the scene, the lamp was lit, doggy was put to bed, and, in fine, it was evening again. And didn't I dress myself? I don't think I ever got myself up so, either before or since; in fact, I was so careful of my toilet that I even dreaded to allow the shadow of a candlestick to fall across the bosom of my shirt, fearing it might in any way sully its immaculate whiteness. I left aunt Jerusha rather abruptly, and set out for the street in which was situated the Muff mansion. I easily found out the house by the directions I had received, and was about crossing the street to steer for the entrance when the door opened, and a gentleman came down the steps rather hurriedly, and after giving me one of the hardest looks I think I ever got, walked off quickly and disappeared in the darkness. Who was he? thought I, and how dare he throw me such a contemptuous glance? I would have scudded after him and demanded explanations; but when I thought of my patent-leather boots and speckless shirt-bosom, I abandoned the idea.

I was received by Miss Marjory herself, who seated herself charmingly on a sofa beside me, and apologised for ma's non-appearance on the ground of excessive fatigue from the previous night's amusement.

"Oh my!" exclaimed Miss Marjory Muff. "My dear Mr. Pinkylop [that's my name], ma likes you so much; she thinks you so like cousin Tom—a very picture; and then, you know, you are both so good-looking."

She blushed, and I smiled my sweetest of smiles in acknowledgment thereof. But this eternal cousin Tom; if he had been near enough, I think I would have bitten his nose off.

"It is so unfortunate," continued Marjory; "pa has just been called away on some plaguey business or other—something wanted about the brewery, you know; but I'm sure he will return soon."

Now here was a solution of the problem about the gentleman coming down the steps; and so the said gentleman descending the said steps was Septimus Muff, Esq., the brewer; but what



on earth made him look death and daggers at me?

Here was another mystery.

"I should be so happy to meet Mr. Muff," I remarked.

"And pa would be so glad to see you," said Marjory. "Pa is so quiet, you know, and so fond of conversation; and there is only one person on earth, I think, who troubles him, and that is cousin Tom."

"Confound cousin Tom," I murmured to myself, at the same time biting my lips with vexation.

"Might I be bold enough to ask?" I remarked, "how, why your dear cousin?"

"Oh, you must know, Mr. Pinky," interrupted Marjory, "pa and cousin Tom can never agree, and pa doesn't wish cousin Tom to come to the house any more. Pa is so passionate, you know, and the other day he made cousin Tom run down stairs in an awful hurry, and then he informed him that if he came again he would have him carried to the brewery and drowned in a vat or blow all his brains out with a cannon. Pa keeps a blunderbuss, you know, Mr. Pinky. O, poor cousin Tom!" and Miss Muff hereupon buried her beautiful eyes in her handkerchief for nearly five seconds.

I could hardly stand this. Philosophers tell us that we do not really know that we love until we have occasion to feel a little jealous; and I, at this moment, discovered the appalling fact that the shaft with which Cupid had pierced my poor heart must, indeed, have been a spear about three feet long.

"It is most melancholy," I observed, "to have such a terrible state of feeling exist between uncle and nephew."

"Yes, and poor cousin Tom was always so nice."

"Indeed," I remarked, rather abstractedly, at the same time consoling myself with the wish that cousin Tom was at the bottom of his uncle's vat. I did not relish too much of this aggravation, so I essayed to change the subject. I started into poetry, poets and flowers, and for about twenty minutes we kept up a high-toned dialogue, during which I came out in some of my fine quotations, and rambled successively through Julius Cæsar, Homer, and Paradise Lost. From Paradise, Miss Marjory Muff wandered into painting, and Raphael and Michael Angelo, in their turn, became our victims. A fine copy of Corregio's "Magdalene" was hanging near the door, and, upon Marjory calling my attention to it, I arose for the purpose of having a closer inspection. I placed my hands behind my back, and was just in the act of uttering some admiring remark with regard to the beautiful penitent, when the door suddenly opened, and before I had time to turn around, I felt the snake-like folds of a horsewhip entwine themselves around my legs, and a voice, hoarse with passion, shouted in my ear:

"You here again! you hemp-deserving young rascal! after all my warnings! after all I've told you! Now, then, take that!—and this!" and another crack of the villainous whip caused me to spring three feet from the ground.

"Hold on!" I roared. "Man! fiend! devil! what's this?"

Miss Marjory began to scream like an owl. "Oh, pa! pa! pa! it's not him, it's Mr. Pinky, indeed it is!"

But the infuriated old lunatic would listen to nothing. He belabored me incessantly. I dodged between the tables, jumped over the chairs, and ran all round the room; but yet he followed me.

"Speak to him, for heaven's sake, if you love me!" I shouted to Marjory.

But she only screamed, wrung her hands, and retreated towards a comfortable ottoman in the corner for the customary purpose of fainting.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend me!" I bawled at the top of my voice.

"Scamp! imp! rascal! I'll thrash every bone in your ugly body!" roared old Muff behind me.

At length I managed to reach the door, and bounded to the lobby. Just then the nasty ideas of the brewery vat and the blunderbuss rushed upon my bewildered brain, and made me feel inclined to make my retreat a doubly hasty one. I caught sight of some white apparition bundling down the stairs, and a voice came screaming from it:

"Oh! oh! it's not Tom. Muff, Muff, what are you doing?"

In my headlong and heedless flight I came into collision with the screamer, whom I suppose must have been Mrs. Muff, and the result was that the apparition fell all in a heap against the opposite door. My pitiless tormentor also met with a mishap, for, in the blindness of his fury, he struck his nose against the door-jam, and while he paused to examine the quality of his claret, I took the opportunity to grab my hat and make for the street, fervently thanking heaven for my escape, and wishing all the Muffs in Christendom had never been born. I struck out for aunt Jerusha's as quick as my poor sore limbs would permit me, and almost caused the good old lady to go out of her senses when she beheld me.

I galloped up to my room, and after breaking three geranium-pots and flinging the kitten over the banisters, I ordered my clothes to be packed and everything got ready for an early start. Before daylight I was far on my road to Brookdale, imagining all the way that old Muff and his cursed whip were after me, and even to this day I fancy I can feel the stings and smarts that attended the closing scenes of my first and last attempt.

## EMILY'S CURSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Black Martha told me this story. As nearly as possible, I have given it to you in her own words. I presume it is quite true. Had some one who could read or write given me the same story, I might have suspected some romancing; but Martha is only a poor ignorant woman, once a slave, who has no idea of what romancing is, and who entered into the narration just as you or I would tell a bit of gossip about a neighbor.

She understood that it was somewhat tragic, but then it was such a common piece of tragedy to her; and her text was, that when people stepped out of their places, or were lifted out, trouble generally came to them.

"I remember Em'ly mighty well," she said. "Em'ly belonged where I did. Some of us niggers was black enough, dat's sartin'; but Em'ly was pretty near as white as white folks. Mighty pretty too. Old Miss she'd bought her for a seamstress; sew and all dat, you know. And when old Miss was dead and gone, and her son Massa Charles come home to settle things off, why, Em'ly wasn't seamstress no more. She kep house, and was married to Sam, as was as white as Em'ly."

"Dere wasn't no lady in de house, and she give out stores and sich. Massa Charles thought a heap of her. She had silk coats and bonnets and parols. Wouldn't knowed but she was as white as chalk when she went out, totin' her dress so with one hand, and totin' her parol with t'other, so. Hi! no, you wouldn't."

"Always had been a pet, Em'ly had. Niggers didn't have no right to talk, but Em'ly was sot up. Hi! I never see no nigger sot up so—never did."

"Massa Charles was good enough; but slaves is slaves, and massas is massas."

"Fur as I know, Massa Charles was always as soft as silk to Em'ly, and he never done miffin butjes' cuff me when coffee was muddy, or like dat ar. Only ole Jude she use to say:

"'Ki! niggers, Massa Charles jes like ole massa. He'll get harder an' harder as he gets older.'"

"Poor ole Jude! She use to sit and rock and rock dar in the cabin, and when we'd come wid our troubles she'd say:

"'Nebber mind, chillun. You all be free some day.'"

"We'd laugh, an' say Jude was chillish; but it come true."

"Jude could tell what was comin' mighty smart. When we uns would go and tell how sot up Em'ly was, she'd say:

"'Won't last—won't last. I see de end—end's a comin'.'"

"But it didn't come for a good while."

"I was jest fifteen when Massa Charles done come home, and I was mos' twenty when Sam—dat was Em'ly's husband—died, and I was clean gone twenty when I stood by de gate one day, and saw Em'ly come out of de house looking wild like, and go down into de garden, kinder puttin' her hands out so, like she was blind."

"She had on a black silk dress and gold bracelets, and a chain on her neck with a locket on it. Whether she'd took and throwed it down, or whether she dropped it, I don't know; but when she'd gone by, I saw dat chain and locket on de grass."

"'Em'ly,' says I, 'done loss your locket?'"

"She jus gave a kind of scream, and went on de same way."

"'Dat gal's gone crazy at last,' says I."

"But jest then out of de house comes her two chillun, two pretty little gals. She had another, but it was a leetle baby. And one of 'em calls, 'Mammy,' and then she runs back and takes 'em by de hand, and goes into de house."

"I went in too, and dere, down on her knees on de floor, was Em'ly at Massa Charles' feet."

"'Been too sassy at last. Dat gal has, I reckon,' says I to myself."

"'Bout dat time niggers began to talk. Massa Charles was going a courtin'. Massa Charles was going to be married. Mighty fine lady; mighty rich; mighty pretty."

"Massa Charles was off every day, all dressed up fine as fifty; and Em'ly she was sick or something; couldn't tell what ailed her."

"Any how Massa Charles was going to be married sartin', and we was to have a missus. But all de same, winter coats was to be cut out; and Massa Charles bought de stuff, and Em'ly was cuttin' them out in de big sewing room, and two seamstresses—dat was Sue and Fan—dey was bastin'. And while she was up dere, Massa Charles he came along wid a strange gempleman."

"Massa Charles looked kind of pale and queer like; kinder shamed too. I noticed dat are, but I didn't think much of it. Em'ly's children was setting on de grass a playin', and de gempleman he stopped and looked at 'em. Mighty pretty children; didn't wonder at dat; den he went into de house."

"His wagon it stood dere at de gate, and Tom he held de horse. Arter a while he came out of de house and got in; and Massa came wid him, puttin' away his pocket-book. He sets dere in dat wagon and calls to de chillun:

"'Hi! hi! come here. Want a ride?'"

"'Yes,' says de poor chillun."

"'Jump in,' says he. 'Here, put 'em in, girl.'"

"And I did what I was tole, of course. I put Em'ly's chillun in de wagon. Dey crowed and laughed. 'Mammy come too,' says de littlest gal; and off he drove, laughing."

"Massa Charles stood leaning against de fence, lookin' arter 'em. I jest laughed, for I reckoned dey'd come back pretty soon; but I waited and waited, and dey didn't come."

"'Massa Charles,' says I, 'pears like dem chillun is gone quite a spell.'"

"Den Massa Charles looked at me—looked kinder like de debbil might, you know. And he swore a big swear, and went into de house. And I turned sick, and began to shake all over, for I knowed Em'ly's chillun was sold."

"I went away and hid myself. I was skeered. Fear I'd say siffin sassy if I stayed, and I couldn't help cryin'. Em'ly was sot up, but dem was her chillun."

"Pretty soon I heard her callin'—callin' her babies. 'Come to mammy,' says she, soft like—'come to your mammy!' Then she begins to holler louder, kinder screaming like: 'Chillun! Chillun!'"

"Dere was hard cryin' all over de whole plantation dat night. Em'ly had been sot up, but, laws! to hear her scream, 'Chillun, chillun! Oh, my chillun!' de whole night through."

"Next morning dere was a wagon at de gate. Em'ly was sold too. Not with her chillun; she was sold by herself. She didn't scream none, but she looked ashy. She stood dere on de porch, and begged Massa Charles jes for dat little baby. He couldn't or he wouldn't buy it back for her. Lord he knows which. Den she turned around and stood up straight."

"'My curse on you,' says she. 'My curse on you, Massa Charles. You know what you have done to me,' says she. 'If I am a slave, I am human; and God knows all. My curse on you. And listen: De time will come when you dat stand so high will be low down, like de lowest trash,' says she. 'De time will come when you'll stand barefoot at a nigger's door and ask for food. I see it—I see it. I don't know how, but I see it. Curse you! curse you! curse you!'"

"Massa stood here, looking furious."

"'Massa Peyton,' says he, 'dat woman is yours; but you'll oblige me by havin' her flogged before you take her off.'"

"'Sorry I can't 'blige you, sir,' says de gempleman; 'but you see dat gal is pretty well cut up now, and I don't want no lash marks on her to-morrow, a fancy lot like dis,' says he."

"And off he drove, and none of us eber see Em'ly no more."

"And dere was a great merry-making, and presents given out to everybody next week, when de bride come home. Mighty nice woman young Missy was."

"But somehow trouble kinder seemed to fall on Massa from dat day. Crops failed, and niggers died off. At last come dat war. I was hired out in Richmond den. Massa had to hire some ob us out—got mighty poor. And dere was firin' an' crashin' kinder far off. And one mornin' I looks out of window and see strange sojers in de streets."

"'What's dat, Pomp?' says I to Massa Griff's Pomp, dat was out on de street starin' roun'."

"'Hi!' says Pomp. 'Yankees come; we's all free.'"

"So dey had. So we was. Couldn't bleef it at first, but so we was."

"And Missy, a good spell arter, when I was hirin' myself out and keepin' house for my ole man and chillun, somebody comes knock, knock at our own door. I looked out. Dere was Massa Charles. His clothes was ragged; and dough he had shoes, his toes was bare. He hadn't a cent in his pocket, and he'd walked from de plantation. His wife had gone back to her people; and his house was burnt down. He hadn't anything but just de bare ground, and he was mighty miserable. He wanted breakfast, and I made him a mighty nice one; and I waited behind his cheer, and I never said nuffin sassy, but I kept a thinkin' all de while, 'Ah, Massa Charles, Em'ly's curse has come at last. You's come barefoot to a nigger's door to ask for victuals.' And so he had, Missy; and I allers shall think dat Em'ly's curse brought it about—dat am de Lord's will."

## THE GHOST.

BY PROFESSOR PEPPER.

Public opinion long ago determined and settled it as a fact that it was quite possible to see a spectral image which should simulate the human form divine. Classical histories tell of phantoms rising before the astonished vision of heroes to warn them of impending disasters and death. Shakespeare continually uses "the Ghost," as one of his great dramatic accessories, employing spectres to afflict the eyes and menace three murderers, viz., Brutus, Macbeth and Richard the Third. The ancients were not, however, bold enough to manufacture or produce a patent ghost, they had no learned works to instruct them upon the laws of light and optics; but still the human mind, ever restless and yearning after the truthful and the beautiful, brought them very near to a modern experimental ghost when they embodied the idea of reflection in their mythological and poetical fables. The reflection of sound is illustrated in the fate of the nymph Echo who, daring to assist Jupiter in deceiving Juno, was punished by the Queen of Heaven and changed into an echo, and as if the laws of reflection were to be still further illustrated, the silly nymph Echo fell in love with Narcissus, (a

name synonymous with a pretty flower), but as her love was not returned, she pined away in grief, and fading gradually left behind Vox, (A Voice) et præterea nihil, (and nothing besides.)

Mark, oh patient reader, the fate of Narcissus. Just as poor dear pretty Echo subsided into the reflection of sound and exchanged her corporeal existence for a voice, so Narcissus meets the same unhappy end by the reflection of light, for Dr. Clarke informs us that Narcissus was a beautiful (? handsome) youth, and that he was the son of Cepheissus and Liriope; but unfortunately for poor Echo was inaccessible to the feeling of love. Echo enamoured of the cold creature died of grief.

But Nemesis, to punish Narcissus, caused him to see his own image reflected in a fountain, whereupon he became so enamoured of it, that he gradually pined away, until he was metamorphosed into the flower which bears his name. Narcissus saw his own ghost and died.

Thus we are convinced that the ancients illustrated poetically the reflection of sound and light.

Echo died of the reflection of sound. Narcissus of the reflection of light.

The ghost is a reflection; and now for a little philosophy à la nineteenth century.

Light distributes itself from all luminous bodies like radii drawn from the centre of a circle. The smallest portion of light separable is spoken of as a ray of light, and provided this ray remains in the same medium of the same density no change occurs in its path or direction; but directly it passes out of that medium into another of a different density or into any other solid, fluid, or gaseous body, it may undergo other changes, but especially may be reflected and indeed a portion of it is always turned back.

On any irregular surface such as a cloud, or snow, or paper light is scattered and so generally diffused that it will illuminate a large space. If however it falls upon a polished surface of steel, silver, gold, nickel, platinum or other metallic surface, the ray is thrown off in a certain and fixed direction, and now instead of being scattered it illuminates brilliantly a limited space.

The reflection of light takes place in obedience to certain fixed laws of which the fundamental one is that, "The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection," or, "the incident and reflected rays always form equal angles."

The second law is that the incident and reflected rays, always lie in the same plane—i. e., if the path of the incident ray corresponds with the top of a table and is horizontal, the reflected ray will be the same. If the incident ray is perpendicular or in a plane corresponding with the legs of the table, then the reflected ray is identical with that plane.

If a ray of light strikes a surface in a perpendicular direction it returns upon itself and retraces, as it were, its steps. If the ray falls slantingly, then it darts off the reflecting surface in an oblique direction.

It is easy to take pencil and drawing-paper and trace out the direction a ray of light ought to take in obedience to these laws. First, draw a straight line to represent the reflecting surface, then draw a perpendicular to the surface, when the ray is represented as striking the surface. It is easy to complete the angle of the incident ray and to draw the reflected one exactly alike on the other side of the perpendicular.

A hole in a closed shutter will admit into a shaded room a beam or ray of light with which the young experimentalist may operate. The dust in the room by irregular reflection shows the path of the ray, and by taking some plane or flat surface, such for instance as a piece of plate glass, the student may soon learn the very simple principle upon which the more complicated illusion called "The Ghost," is produced. First, he may hold the glass so that the ray is exactly perpendicular to the reflecting surface, when he will notice the ray retrace its own course. Secondly, he may incline the glass and then observe that whilst a considerable portion of light goes through the glass, a still larger one is thrown off or reflected. And now it is only necessary to imagine a highly illuminated object, such as a plaster of Paris bust or a living being standing before the perpendicular or inclined glass, and the reflection of the real figure will be the spectral image or ghost. When we walk past large plate-glass windows in shops we may see our own "ghosts" walking amongst the silks and satins, or hams, cheeses, butter, &c., within. The ghosts are usually clear and distinct because they are produced by perpendicular reflections, which are always the best and free from any displacement—bending or unnatural distortion. The beautiful photograph of the "Mirror Lake" in Yo Semite Valley, is an admirable illustration of the principle of "a Ghost," or of the story of Narcissus. The only difference is that the reflecting surface is water and not glass. As the light from an illuminated object must travel to the surface of the glass and then come back again, it is evident that the reflection will appear just as far behind the glass as the real one is distant from it in front. Nature thus most perfectly registers distances, and art, by the employment of a Theodolite, applies the principle. The amount of light reflected varies, as already stated, according to the position of the glass. Thus 25 rays only out of a 1,000 are returned from glass when they fall in the perpendicular line, about 400 if they fall upon the glass placed at an angle of 80 degrees. At an angle of 89 degrees the plain unsilvered glass would reflect nearly all the light and quite as much as if coated with quicksilver amalgam at the back. It is on account of this fact that the startling "ghost effect" produced



in nature by the Mirage of the Desert is produced.

The strata of air vary in temperature, the layer nearest the sand is hotter than the air above it; the rays from any distant object, such as a house, a tree, a lake, strike at a very oblique angle and then undergo nearly total reflection as explained with the glass when placed at an angle of 89 degrees.

The illusion called the Ghost is, therefore, a spectral image produced by placing an illuminated object before a large sheet of plate-glass. The illuminated object is concealed from the view of the spectator, and is made to appear or vanish by alternately throwing on and cutting off the light used to illuminate the figure. The idea of the ghost was first shown by a toy model in which it appeared to be necessary to build a room specially for the exhibition. The writer by arranging lights before and behind the glass, and combining the action of the living figure with the spectral one, produced those startling effects which put thousands of pounds into the pockets of the Directors of the Polytechnic Joint Stock Company. Out of £12,000 sterling realized during the first year it was exhibited, the writer received the not too liberal and encouraging sum of £200 over and above his salary and percentage, and having to pay all the law expenses arising from the defence of the Ghost Patent was, like nearly every inventor, the worst remunerated person in the affair. An attempt to vote him £1,000 at a General Meeting, was squelched by an informality in registering the proxies for votes.

The Ghost was produced under the writer's direction at the various London Theatres, viz., at Drury Lane, the Adelphi, and Britannia Theatres; also, in Paris, at the Théâtre du Châtelet, likewise at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and a number of other provincial Theatres and Lecture Halls.

It found its way without the permission of the Patentee to Germany, Spain, India, Russia, the United States of America, and must have realized for the various fortunate exhibitors a sum of at least a quarter of a million sterling—the largest sum ever realized by any optical illusion.

When the very learned Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury, gave judgment for the Patentee in Chancery, he said, that in his boyish days he was taken by his father to see the celebrated Egyptian traveller Belzoni, and the latter exhibited a toy which displayed the same kind of effect as the Ghost apparatus. The Lord Chancellor, in alluding to the evidence and affidavits, with drawings deposited in Court, said that the drawings were direct copies of the Patentee's, and were obtained in some improper manner. In speaking of one person who swore he had seen the ghost at some tea gardens in the neighborhood of Margate, England, his Lordship remarked "that the witness was spoken of as a 'nigger minstrel'; he was elsewhere denominated an 'Ethiopian Serenader.' He was no doubt a most respectable person, a very honest individual, but to put the evidence of such a person against that of Faraday, Wheatstone and Brewster, was a manifest absurdity, he therefore ruled that the Defendant's Patent be sealed and the Plaintiffs pay the costs."

The writer cannot conclude this little sketch without speaking most approvingly of Mr. Bell Smith's admirable drawing of the appearance of the Ghost to the astonished student, which accompanies the description.—*Canadian Illustrated News*.

#### HABITS OF LITERARY LABOR.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

When Mr. Pickwick informed Mr. Jingle that his friend Mr. Snodgrass had a strong poetic turn, Mr. Jingle responded:

"So have I—Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece—twang the lyre—fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir."

There are other people beside Mr. Pickwick who accept this method of literary production as quite natural and legitimate. We remember seeing, some years ago, a sketch by an extravagant humorist of a man, who wrote a book in a single night, tossing each sheet as it was finished over his left shoulder, pursuing his work with a pen that hissed with the heat of the terrible friction, and fainting away into the arms of anxious friends when the task was finished. Preposterous as the fiction was, it hardly exaggerated an idea prevalent in many minds that literary production is a sort of miraculous birth, that is as strenuous and inevitable as the travail which brings a new being into life. Indeed, there are some, perhaps many, writers who practically entertain the same notion. They depend upon moods, and if the moods do not come nothing comes. They go to their work without a will, and impotently wait for some angel to stir the pool, and if the angel fails to appear that settles the question for them. Such men of course accomplish but little. Few of them ever do more than show what possibilities of achievement are within them. They disappoint themselves, disappoint their friends, and disappoint a waiting public that soon ceases to wait, and soon transfers its expectations to others. Literary life has very few satisfactions for them, and often ends in a resort to stimu-

lating drinks or drugs in order to produce artificially the mood which will not come of itself.

There is a good deal of curiosity among literary men in regard to the habits of each other. Men who find their work hard, their health poor, and their production slow, are always curious concerning the habits of those who accomplish a great deal with apparent ease. Some men do all their writing in the morning. Some of them even rise before their households, and do half their day's work before breakfast. Others do not feel like going to work until after breakfast and after exercise in the open air. Some fancy that they can only work in the evening, and some of these must wait for their best hours until all but themselves are asleep. Some cannot use their brains at all immediately after exercise. Some smoke while writing, some write on the stimulus of coffee, and some on that of alcohol. Irregularity and strange whims are supposed to be characteristic of genius. Indeed, it rather tells against the reputation of a man to be methodical in his habits of literary labor. Men of this stripe are supposed to be mechanical plodders, without wings, and without the necessity of an atmosphere in which to spread them.

We know of no better guide in the establishment of habits of literary labor than common sense. After a good night's sleep and a refreshing breakfast, a man ought to be in his best condition for work, and he is. All literary men who accomplish much and maintain their health do their work in the morning, and do it every morning. It is the daily task, performed morning after morning, throughout the year—carefully, conscientiously, persistently—that tells in great results. But in order to perform this task in this way, there must be regular habits of sleep, with which nothing shall be permitted to interfere. The man who eats late suppers, attends parties and clubs, or dines out every night, cannot work in the morning. Such a man has, in fact, no time to work in the whole round of the hours. Late and irregular habits at night are fatal to literary production as a rule. The exceptional cases are those which have fatal results upon life in a few years.

One thing is certain: no great thing can be done in literary production without habit of some sort; and we believe that all writers who maintain their health work in the morning. The night-work on our daily papers is killing work, and ought to be followed only a few years by any man. A man whose work is that of literary production ought always to go to his labor with a willing mind, and he can only do this by being accustomed to take it up at regular hours. We called upon a preacher the other day—one of the most eloquent and able men in the American pulpit. He was in his study, which was out of his house; and his wife simply had to say that there was no way by which she could get at him, even if she should wish to see him herself. He was wise. He had his regular hours of labor, which no person was permitted to interrupt. In the afternoon he could be seen; in the morning, never. A rule like this is absolutely necessary to every man who wishes to accomplish much. It is astonishing how much a man may accomplish with the habit of doing his utmost during three or four hours in the morning. He can do this every day, have his afternoons and evenings to himself, maintain the highest health, and live a life of generous length.

The reason why some men never feel like work in the morning is, either that they have formed other habits, or that they have spent the evening improperly. They have only to go to their work every morning and do the best they can for a dozen mornings in succession, to find that the disposition and power to work will come. It will cost a severe effort of the will, but it will pay. Then the satisfaction of the task performed will sweeten all the other hours. There is no darker or deadlier shadow than that cast upon a man by a deferred and waiting task. It haunts him, chases him, harries him, sprinkles bitterness in his every cup, plants thorns in his pillow, and renders him every hour more unfit for its performance. The difference between driving literary work and being driven by it is the difference between heaven and hell. It is the difference between working with the will and working against it. It is the difference between being a master and being a slave.

Good habit is a relief, too, from all temptation to the use of stimulants. By it a man's brain may become just as reliable a producer as his hand, and the cheerfulness and healthfulness which it will bring to the mind will show themselves in all the issues of the mind. The writings of those contemporaneous geniuses, Scott and Byron, illustrate this point sufficiently. One is all robust health, the result of sound habit; the other all fever and irregularity. What could Poe not have done with Mr. Longfellow's habit? No; there is but one best way in which to do literary work, and that is the way in which any other work is done—after the period devoted to rest, and with the regularity of the sun.—*Scribner's for February*.

#### CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

We are quite ready to admit that decorum is in itself a good thing. The familiar spectacle of gentlemen speechless and staggering from the effects of heavy potations could not fail to have a degrading and brutalizing effect upon the society to which they belonged. It is morally an advance that men should be ashamed of being seen in this odious and filthy condi-

tion. But decorum may be in itself a snare; and it is well that the truth, however coarse, vulgar, and unpleasant it may be, should be faced. It must be remembered that the three-bottle and four-bottle men of other days were after all exceptional men, and a mere handful in the community, and that, although most men then thought little of getting drunk, this was with a great many an indulgence which they allowed themselves not habitually, but only on special occasions and with intervals between. The main difference between the drinking habits of the last generation and of the present would seem to be, that formerly men, when they sat down to drink, drank more at a time, while now men drink moderately at a sitting, but in sips or "nips" drink a good deal during each day. Whether the modern habit is better than the old habit is a question which possesses only a speculative interest. The important thing is, that the modern habit should be recognized as vicious and unwholesome. We are aware that this is quite an old story now, and perhaps people may be tired of its repetition. Unfortunately the necessity for speaking of it does not appear to have diminished. About a year ago the doctors published a declaration respecting alcohol, insisting that, as a medicine, it ought to be prescribed with the same care and precision as any other powerful drug, and pointing out that its value as an article of diet was immensely overrated. The document also recommended legislation with a view to confine the use of alcohol within proper limits, and to promote habits of temperance. For our own part, we should be disposed to rely much more confidently on the personal influence of the doctors themselves than on any kind of legislation. Something may be done by legislation to enforce order and decorum in the streets and in places of common resort, and to curtail the facilities for public drinking, but after all this is only making clean the outside of the platter. Most reasonable persons will admit that the Licensing Act goes about as far in this direction as is practicable, if indeed it does not rather overshoot the mark. It is just because we are convinced of the powerlessness of legislation, because we distrust all violent coercive measures, and have no faith in any reform that does not spring from voluntary restraints and an improved state of public opinion, that we feel bound once more, at the risk of wearisome iteration, to call attention to the subject. The Excise returns, the statistics of criminal offences, the warnings of the doctors, the feverishness and excitement of social life, the prevalence of nervous disorders, the crowded drinking bars, and the marked increase of the number of reeling drunkards in the streets, all point to the same conclusion. It is impossible to doubt the growing intemperance of the working classes. Personal observation on such a point may sometimes be misleading, but the same story comes from all parts of the country. As a rule, high wages seem to mean only more drinking; and drinking means wife-beating at home and fighting in the streets. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who objects to the stringency of the Licensing Act, appears to think it necessary to argue that the country is really very temperate and sober. We have as little liking for restrictive legislation as Mr. Harcourt, but we see no use in shutting our eyes to unpleasant facts. It is necessary to distinguish between the bigotry and fanaticism of the teetotalers and the basis of truth which underlies their agitation. The evil which they denounce unhappily exists, and even their violent and distempered imaginations can hardly exaggerate its magnitude. It may be reasonable to resist the tyrannical measures which the total abstinents are anxious to impose upon the country, but it is idle to pretend that the country is in this respect in a satisfactory condition. It is scarcely a consolation to be told that the vast increase in the expenditure on intoxicating liquors is a proof of the prosperity of the nation. It is doubtful whether the present high rates of wages will be maintained; but, if they fall, the passion for stimulants which has already been developed will unfortunately remain. Anybody who reads the police reports will see the steady increase of cases of brutal assaults, especially on women, which may be traced to drinking. The present "genial" season has been appropriately celebrated—a woman supping with her husband and friend suddenly flung out of window; a man stabbed by his wife, a wife by her husband, a girl by her sweetheart. "Thank God Christmas is over!" we heard a poor woman say the other day as she steadied her staggering husband up the steps of a railway station.

We are quite of one mind with the Bishop of Peterborough that, if it is necessary to choose, freedom is better than sobriety; but it is not impossible for people to be free and sober too. The criminal statistics compiled by the police show an increase of more than forty per cent. in the convictions for drunkenness before the magistrates in England and Wales in 1871 as compared with the average of the previous ten years. The Excise and Customs returns show a vast increase in the consumption of all kinds of drink, and especially of spirits. The country has been thriving, wages have been high, and the surplus earnings have been spent chiefly in liquor. These are not pleasant facts, and they hardly confirm those pretty theories of social progress of which we hear so much. But progress has been said to be like a wave which sometimes seems to retire even in the course of advancing, and this may perhaps be only one of the backward movements of social improvement. As far as we can see, there is nothing to be done in the matter except to direct attention to the facts, and leave them to make their

impression on the public mind. It is reserved nowadays for the working-man to get drunk in the old way, "like a lord," but the other classes, though they bear themselves more discreetly, suffer for their potations in other ways. Brandy and soda, bitter ale, odd glasses of sherry, nips, and pegs, and drams, keep up a perpetual irritation and excitement which, added to the cares and worries of business and the fatigues of social life, wear out the nerves, and are apt to end in hysteria or paralysis. The doctors, who are aware of the spreading evil, might do much to check it, and their duty in the matter was certainly not exhausted by the signing of the declaration of a year ago. The lesson needs to be constantly and emphatically enforced. The evil should be probed to its root in neglect of sanitary and dietetic rules, and the forced pace of social and especially of business life. The attempt to get through ten hours work in five or six explains in a great measure the craving for stimulants. People, though they have more holidays than they used to have, get less rest, and rest is what they want.—*Saturday Review*.

#### GHOSTS.

We have changed much in these days from the old times when ghosts were almost an article of faith, and when the person who told a tale of the world of spirits might chance to gain credence for his narrative without an inner reservation "that, at all events, it is very difficult to account for it." In Queen Elizabeth's time that stage direction in "Hamlet," "Enter Ghost," struck a real chord of emotion amongst the people, and, so far from weakening the force of the illusion, considerably heightened it by introducing a mysterious agency, as to which all were more or less sympathetic. Thus, in the Middle Ages a ghost had a dignity very different from the Peckham apparition of these days. There is a story told in French history of a peasant of Marseilles who was troubled by an unearthly visitor. The peasant was to make his way to the king, and reveal to him a message that would be communicated to him; but if he disclosed it to any one else he would die. He did disclose it to another—his wife—and he died, falling dead on the spot, too. The perturbed spirit, however, though unfortunate in this choice of a messenger, revealed himself a second time, with similar formalities and threats, and again the garrulous French nature could not keep reticent about the news. The tale was told, and the narrator, in his turn, died. Yet a third time the ghost spoke. This time to a farrier. The tale we tell is historical, and the facts precise and ascertained. The farrier kept his counsel, journeyed to Versailles, saw Gold Stick in waiting, who was very polite, but very obdurate. A peasant from Marseilles have an interview with the Majesty of France! Impossible; a thing not to be heard of! Farrier brings forward his ghastly facts. Proof offered, asked for, given. Did not two other of the good folks of the town to whom revelation had been made die because they departed from the strict letter of their instruction? Gold Stick was alarmed. Could not the truth of these statements be easily ascertained from the local authorities? Gold Stick was relieved. The farrier was to call in a couple of days—he called, saw the king in private, had several interviews with him, and returned to his own province a wealthy man, supported by the revenue, a public character from that time till his death, and probably a bachelor and misogamist, for the substance of the secret never transpired. It is all historical. The best artist of the day drew our farrier, the drawing was engraved, and copies of it exist in several private collections. One writer professes to have seen the print, and says that "it represents the face of a man about thirty-five or forty years of age, with an open countenance, rather pensive, and with a very characteristic expression"—a somewhat vague description as to the whole, and one would be glad to have learned what was the special character of that expression.

We live in different days now, and the age of apparitions seems, notwithstanding an occasional exception, to have passed away. The ghost of the 19th century cannot keep his secret as well as his brother spirit of the 17th, and it is the magistrate, not the minister, with whom he is confronted. The lantern of "Pleasantman X" shines upon the apparition, and under this manifestation the mystery not so much dissolves into thin air as solidifies into flesh and blood. The spirit then becomes what the Acts of Parliament call a "person," and the laws of the land take their useful and uninterrupted effect.

And yet who will deny that there lingers a strong belief, which none of the vaunted "enlightenment of the nineteenth century" can crush down, in ghosts and apparitions? What is spiritualism but a mode of the same disease? We are not as credulous as our simple forefathers, and we have a way of severing our judgment from our faith, and being mortally afraid of ghosts, though we well know that such things do not exist. What is the experience of each one? Is there any reader of this paper who, however fortunate in his own experiences, has not had some relative or friend, or acquaintance, who has seen a ghost? We do not mean sounds or rappings, but a real *bona fide*—we were going to say—flesh-and-blood live ghost? The writer himself forms no exception to the rule which he believes prevails. Here is a story told to him by one of the chief actors:—Three students of a university, situated in what Thackeray calls a viceregal city, had retired after



dinner to the rooms of a friend. There is no importance in the words "after dinner." College beer is very small beer, nor do I know of any instance on record in which a man who had partaken freely was visited by ghosts. The four friends were standing round the fire, which flickered brightly, so that every part of the room could be seen. Its shape was of this kind. The door from the staircase was at one corner; directly opposite to that was another door, which led into the bedroom. There was no other approach to or exit from the room. The fireplace was at the side of the inner door. The friends were standing round the fire chatting together, when they distinctly saw the outer door open gently, and a figure pass in. It crossed the room, and passed through the opposite doorway into the bedroom. Three of the young men rushed at once into the room, examined every part of it together, but there was no trace or sign of anything. The other had fainted on seeing the apparition. What is curious about this tale is that it forms, so far as is known, the only instance in modern times of a ghost being seen by several people simultaneously. As a general rule, if the apparition appears to more persons than one it does so successively, as in the French story just told. Another circumstance that is remarkable in this case is that each one of the four persons seems to have arrived immediately at the idea that the visitor was a ghost. The spirit was, indeed, known to two of them—that is to say, two of the party said it was the ghost of their brother. But the other two were quite strangers to the fact, and yet, without a word said, seeing the entry, they seem to have felt instinctively and unhesitatingly that it was a ghost. The tale is told as a thing that happened. There was no dowager-duchess or guardsman present to command the respect of the *Times*, but then—every one is not so strong-minded and naturally incredulous as that journal.—*Globe*.

#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DRESS.

On dress, as a mark of individual character, much has been written; and in a clever article in the *Quarterly*, the writer wittily described how coquetry or shyness, conceit or diffidence, strength or weakness of will, and every other quality lovable or unlovable in woman—nay, more, the very tone of her religious opinions, were to be expressed and deciphered in the color, the shape, and the quality of her apparel. It is not, however, with dress as significant of personal character that we are at present concerned,—dress, as the mirror of the character of nations and of periods, is the still loftier theme we would suggest for the consideration of our readers. The remarkable connection which exists between the dress of a people and their leading ideas was noticed by Alison in his *French Revolution*; and he mentions, as an example, the coarse, almost plebeian stuffs, such as shepherd's tartan for gentlemen, and Scotch winseys for ladies' dress, which became fashionable during the passing of the Reform Bill, in deference, conscious or unconscious, to the Radical spirit of the times. History, however, affords even better illustrations of this theory. For instance: the picturesque but fanciful costume worn in the reign of Charles II. of England, is it not symbolical of a class rich in the refinement, the wit, and the graces of manner which flourish in the opulent leisure of aristocracies, but tainted deeply, at the same time, with the effeminacy, the moral enervation, and the spiritual torpor to which such leisure and such opulence are only too favorable? And the very different dress of a very different class, to which the same era gave birth; in their close-cropped locks, and sad-colored garments, in their stern abstinence of anything like gaud or ornament, you may read asceticism, bigotry, superstition if you will; but they are equally the expression of an almost sublime contempt of the idols of appearance and worldly glitter, and an austere self-discipline, which gave the Puritan character a rugged grandeur which all its faults cannot hide. Again, the dress which was worn at and after the time of the French revolution, and which excites our mingled horror and amusement in the portrait of our grandmothers, grotesque as we now esteem that strange combination of short waist and skirt, is it not eminently characteristic of the people who gave it to Europe? It was the melancholy result of an unsuccessful attempt to recover the majestic simplicity of classic ages, and was singularly appropriate to a people who, amidst the anarchy that followed their great revolution, strove so ardently after the dignity of the Roman and Greek republics, and succeeded in grasping of them nothing but the bare letter. But neither ancient nor modern times can offer any more remarkable dress than that which at this very moment is everywhere before us. It is often said that this century must be a remarkable one, when it excites the wonder even of those who are living in it; and it may equally well be said of the present style of dress, that it must be worthy of note when even those who are wearing it constantly express surprise at it. Yet, if there be any truth in the theory we support, it is only natural that an age different in every way to any that preceded it should produce a style of dress equally original. Perhaps the most striking characteristic, and the one which provokes most remark, is the wonderful degree of freedom it accords to individual taste. Of old, fashion was proverbially accounted the most despotic of monarchs, none defined so narrowly the duties of her subjects, or more stringently enforced them; and very narrow

was the list of colors and forms, by a rigid adherence to which alone one might hope to be numbered amongst her loyal subjects.—*Ec-Cetera*.

#### HOW THEY LIVE IN SWEDEN.

The houses are strong, being built of strong thick walls, generally of brick, with high stone foundations. They are small, generally of one story, and meant but for one family. Their houses are not so very simple, but they are simply furnished, there often being, especially in the northern part, where the houses are frequently of logs, and covered with turf or straw, no more than one room in the house, and in that only the coarsest home-made furniture. The sleeping-room (there is rarely more than one) is provided with ranges of beds in tiers, one above another, the women, generally, sleeping below, and the men above. You rarely see any carpet, but the floors are sprinkled with a clean white sand, which dries up moisture, gives off no dust, and may easily be removed. Sometimes the floors, as in Germany, are painted, or of wood mosaic, though this luxury, except in large mansions, is very rarely indulged in. Occasionally, the best rooms will have a little carpet, but never more than two strips, which cross each other in the centre. The land is, generally, good, and four-fifths of all the people subsist by agriculture. Great quantities of wheat, rye and barley are raised; the stubbled fields being now seen stretching out in every direction. Much of this grain is exported to Germany and Great Britain. Large droves of cattle, sheep, geese and ducks, may also be seen in the field, though the stock is far inferior to that of Denmark, where it was a real pleasure to see the magnificent droves in their pastures. The cattle and poultry are, commonly, kept in the same field; the ducks and geese being around the ponds, while the sheep and cows are scattered through the meadows, a shepherd boy commonly sleeping in some fence corner. In the evening, these flocks are all driven to the barn-yard, where they present a lively scene for a few hours after sunset. I spent a little time at the country residence of a large landowner in this neighborhood, where the noise of ducks and geese, in his barn-yard, was like a perpetual horse-fiddle serenade.

#### GOLDEN GRAINS.

It is much more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the silent influence of a good example.

All people find fault with their memory—but few accuse their judgment.

In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss where to begin, but a fool never knows where to stop.

A wise man may be pinched by poverty; but only a fool will let himself be pinched by tight shoes.

Politeness is the outward garment of good-will; but many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles; when they have little to carry, they raise a prodigious clatter; when heavily laden, they neither creak nor rattle.

Blessed are they who ever keep that portion of pure, generous love with which they began life! How blessed those who have deepened the fountains, and have enough to spare for the thirst of others.

Never laugh at a child when it asks a "foolish question." It is not foolish to the child. If a child is sensitive, one instance of laughing and ridicule, in such a case, might for ever chill its aspirations after self-education. No matter how trivial a child's question may seem to be, it is entitled to a prompt and kind answer.

A deep and profound knowledge of ourselves will never fail to curb the emotions we may feel at the foibles of others. We shall have learnt the difficulty of correcting our own habits too well to suppose it easy in them; and instead of making them the objects of our sarcasm, they will become the objects of our pity and our prayers.

Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

PLATO, one of the wisest men of ancient Greece, observed that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths: if you attempted to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge was wasted and little received; whereas with a small stream they were easily filled. Those who would make young children prodigies act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.

True happiness does not imply satisfaction, but continual development. The student loves knowledge for its own sake, and can never cease acquiring; and when men love goodness and truth for their own sake, they shall have the untold happiness, not only of satisfying the ever-unfolding needs of their own natures, but of ministering also to those of all others who come within the sphere of their influence.

The female form excels in symmetry, gracefulness, and beauty, but it is less muscular and robust, and less capable than that of man. As the female form may excel in gracefulness and beauty, so her mind may excel in those qualities which are amiable and attractive. Taste, vivacity, quickness of perception, a keen sense of propriety, and elegance of diction, may be her characteristics; but the power of analysis and generalization, and the capacity to draw a conclusion from a consecutive chain of ideas, is the more exclusive prerogative of man.

For the man and woman who purely and truly love each other, and are guided by the law of justice, marriage is not a state of bondage. Indeed, it is only when they become, by this outward acknowledgment, publicly avowed lovers, that freedom is realised by the aid of its full significance. Thereafter they can be openly devoted to each other's interests, and avowedly chosen and intimate friends. Together they can plan life's battles, and enter upon the path of pro-

gress that ends not with life's eventide. Together they can seek the charmed avenues of culture, and, strengthened by each other, can brave the world's frown in the rugged but heaven-lit path of reform. Home, with all that is dearest in the sacred name, is their peaceful and cherished retreat, within whose sanctuary bloom the virtues that make it a temple of beneficence.

Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet, when viewed all together, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half a dozen great favors in as many years, but the little everyday kindnesses none of which seems of much consequence considered in itself, but the continued repetition of which sheds a sunlight over the whole neighborhood. It is so too in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run up stairs or down, to rock the cradle, or to run on an errand, and all with a cheerful look and a pleasant temper—has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grand-father on her lap as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TELEGRAPH posts and columns manufactured in Manchester are formed of spirals of iron-ribbons, in fact, supported on a cast-iron base, and surmounted with a capital of the same material. A slender rod forms the axis of the column, or, as it really is, a trelliswork tube. Compared with cast-iron columns, these structures are little more than one-third either in weight or cost, while in appearance the gain is decidedly great. For conservatories or other horticultural purposes the trellis column is very suitable. Such a pillar, eleven feet high and eight inches in diameter, is guaranteed to support a vertical pressure of one ton.

The English expedition now being fitted out for the circumnavigation of the globe is to visit the most remote and unknown regions, including the icy coast of the South Pole, Kerguelen's Land, or the Island of Desolation, in the Southern Ocean, and the large and unexplored islands of Papua, or New Guinea, which lies north of Australia. The scientific staff, which will be under the direction of Prof. Wyville Thomson, comprises competent foreign, as well as British naturalists. The voyage is expected to occupy about three years and a half. The forward magazine of the *Challenger*, the government steam corvette designated for the use of the party, is completely stowed with spirits and stoppered bottles, for the preservation of natural history specimens.

An interesting fact has just come to light concerning the outflow of the waters of the Black Sea into the Mediterranean. A strong surface current runs from north to south through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. It has been found that this proverbially rapid flow is only superficial. Twenty fathoms down, a current of extraordinary force sets in the opposite direction—that is, toward the Black Sea—with a velocity much greater than that of the outflowing surface water. This discovery was made by the officers of the British government surveying ship *Shearwater*. We are told that a special apparatus was attached to the ship's boats, to test the strength of this under-current, when, to the surprise of all, the boats were in many places driven along against the upper current at a speed greater than that of the steam launch of the *Shearwater*.

#### HINTS TO FARMERS.

ANIMALS must receive regular, and irregular, attention. They can not help themselves. Their daily wants must be supplied—and these vary somewhat according to the weather. It is here that the intelligence, promptness, and experience of the farmer manifest themselves. Where there is much stock to attend to, and only say two persons to do the work, it is important to know what to do first. This will vary according to circumstances. In our own case, commencing say at half-past five in the morning, the horses are first attended to, the stable cleaned out, and the horses fed and watered. Then feed and milk the cows. Then breakfast. The first thing after breakfast, or about sunrise, feed the sheep their grain, clean out the racks, and give fresh straw or hay. Then feed the pigs, attending to the youngest first; and then feed the poultry a little grain. After this, clean horses, pump water for the sheep, clean out the cow-stables, and water the cows, clean out the pig-pens, and do whatever is necessary to make them comfortable. Cook food for pigs, slice turnips for the sheep and mangels for the cows and pigs, and get everything ready for next morning's feeding. This is a great point. Much work can be done before breakfast, provided everything is ready to your hand.

WARM STABLES VS. BLANKETS.—The health of a horse, like that of a man, depends very much upon a natural system of life. Artificial systems require double the care, and however sleek the horse may look under a heavy coating of blankets and an occasional medical "dose," his capacity for endurance is much less than that of a horse, which, however rough he may look, has nerves and endurance built only upon regular, natural food and exposure to the varied changes of the atmosphere. It may be all very well for the fancy to clip the hair all off from the horse, and then cover him with clothing in order to have his coat look fine and smooth, but it will not do for the horse of all work. Nature has provided a covering, and where use is designed, the horse needs only that with good grooming and a warm stable; or if a blanket is ever used let it be done whenever the horse is left standing out of doors in harness. Make the stable as warm as a dirt floor or battened boarding will permit; give plenty of bedding; and with abundance of food the horse is better able to stand labor and exposure than if kept on a board floor where cold air circulates underneath and covered with blankets. Our experience is in favor of dirt floors without blankets. Dirt floors well littered are no more trouble to keep neat and clean than board floors, and no stable with a dirt floor and decently boarded up will ever be cold enough to cause a horse to shiver.—*Ohio Farmer*.

BEST METHOD OF MANAGING MANURE.—Hardly any question has been more thoroughly discussed in the New York State Agricultural Society during the last ten years, than the one above indicated, and the general opinion of the practical men who have taken part in the discussions has been that, all things considered, there is no plan so good as to draw the manure directly from the stables as it is made to the grass lands of the farm—pastures rather than meadows, thus, by one handling, doing all the labor, spreading as evenly as possible from the cart or sled, and in the Spring, after the frost is out, going over the field and breaking and spreading any lumps that

may require it. If the manure is coarse, having considerable straw or butts of corn-stalks in it, and is put on ground which is to be mown the next season, this coarse matter will be in the way, and some of it will be drawn by the rakes into the hay, to its injury. If there is no such coarse stuff in the manure, and it can be well spread, then put it on the meadows. By this plan of handling barn-yard or stable manure, the greatest good possible is derived from it, and that, too, by the least amount of labor, where the circumstances are favorable to this plan of management. All about frozen ground and snow drifts, has been taken into consideration, and allowed for, and the only caution suggested is this: When the ground is frozen hard, and there is snow on it, do not apply this raw manure to very steep side hills, lest its virtues may be carried off the ground when the snow thaws. If the manure is applied to the ground itself, having no snow on to keep it away from the ground, only in very rare instances will the manure be carried off when the thaws come. A little good common sense will decide as to this point. The benefits derived by grass lands from manure so applied are very great. The first effect that will be observed will be the greatly increased crop of grass, above ground and the earth will be filled with roots. When land so treated is plowed for corn or other grain, it will be found that the benefits to the grain are the most marked. The time to manure land on which a regular five-year rotation of crops is raised, is when it is in grass or wheat, and in either case the manure should be applied on the surface.

#### FAMILY MATTERS.

TOASTED BACON.—Medical men say that well-cured bacon toasted before the fire may be eaten by delicate people, but not any other description of the pig's flesh.

ONION PEELING.—As long as a cook can get a basin of clear water and a small-sized knife, she may peel onions with impunity. Onions so treated under water will not affect the eyes, or but very slightly so.

SNOW BALLS.—Take fine large apples pared and cored; then have ready some whole rice steeped in milk; roll your apples in the rice so as to cover them, and tie them up close, half an hour will boil them. When cooked, have a custard ready to pour over them.

SAGO JELLY.—Take a teacupful of sago, and boil in three pints and a half of water. When cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour the whole into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and let it stand until sufficiently set to turn out well. When disused, pour a little cream round it, if preferred.

A TROPICAL DISH.—Select a large mature and firm cabbage, from which the coarse outer leaves have been detached and the stalk chopped off; scoop out the heart, fill up with minced meat, bread crumbs, onions and seasoning; fasten up in a cloth, plunge into boiling water, and boil for half an hour.

APPLES AND TAPIOCA.—Peel four or six good-sized apples, take out the cores, and fill up the cavities with sugar and powdered cinnamon, putting a small piece of butter on the top of each. Place the fruit in a baking dish, and strew round them about a cupful of tapioca (raw), mixed with sugar and some grated lemon rind; fill the dish with water, and put in a gentle oven until both apples and tapioca are done.

ANTS IN HOUSES.—The *Scientific American* says, in reply to a question as to getting rid of ants in houses:—"Mix a teaspoonful of crystal of carbolic acid with an ounce of lavender water, or any perfume, and sprinkle well on your shelves, and the ants will undoubtedly 'skedaddle.' An occasional sprinkle will keep you free from the pests. The perfume is not necessary, but is used to cover the unpleasant smell of the acid."

TO BOIL CHICKEN.—Plain artless boiling is apt to produce a yellowish, slimy-looking chicken. Before cooking, the bird should always be well washed in tepid water and lemon juice, and to insure whiteness, delicacy, and succulence, should be boiled in a paste made of flour and water, and, after being put into the boiling water, should be allowed to simmer slowly. This method is very effectual in preserving all the juices of the fowl, and the result is a far more toothsome and nourishing morsel than the luckless bird which has been "galloped to death" in plain boiling water. Mutton is also much better for being boiled in paste.—*Lancet*.

NEW MODE OF WASHING.—The ill effects of soda on linen have given rise to a new method of washing which has been extensively adopted in Germany, and introduced in Belgium. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel containing them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterwards washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but in that case half a teaspoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor and fuel. The linen scarcely suffers at all, as there is little necessity for rubbing, and its cleanliness and color are perfect. The ammonia and turpentine, although their detergent action is great, have no injurious effects upon the linen; and while the former evaporates immediately, the smell of the latter is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.

#### HUMOROUS SCRAFS.

A REVOLVER.—The earth.  
A SPRING BED.—A bed of radishes.  
A MAN of Low Extraction.—A cheap dentist.  
WHAT A BARBER MUSTN'T DO.—Lather his wife.  
WHEN is a house like a bird?—When it has wings.  
The most tasteful hare-dresser in the world.—The cook.

HOTEL keepers are people we have to "put up with."  
The trade that never turns to the left.—A wheel-(w) right's.  
Music is the food of love—beef and mutton that of matrimony.

LONDON underwriters refused to insure a vessel because it was named "The Devil."  
Why is a man who marries an heiress a lover of music?—Because he marries for tune.

SOMEbody proposes that every bald-headed man should have his monogram painted on the exposed spot.



In Cincinnati there is said to live a man so bow-legged that he has his trousers cut with a circular saw.

A MERCHANT advertised for a clerk "who could bear confinement," and received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

"THERE is one kind of second-hand article that I shouldn't object to," said Softkins, "and that is a young, handsome, amiable and rich widow."

THERE is a man in Kent who is so fond of money that it is said that, after paying a man a bill, he walks home with him, so as to be near the money as long as possible.

THERE is only one paper in Illinois that did not thrill the world with the announcement that "the old year is dead," and that one said, "To-morrow the old year dies."

A WESTERN editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provide it would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his subscriber was a coffin-maker.

"We will meet in Heaven, husband, dear," is the affectionate inscription upon an Arkansas woman has had carved on the tombstone of every one of her five departed husbands.

BENEVOLENCE.—A clergyman commenced a charity sermon by saying:—"Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without asking C to relieve him."

"HONESTY is the best policy, my boy," said old Jones to young Jones. "How do you know, father?" asked the anxious son and heir. "Because I have tried both," said the worthy tradesman.

A STUDENT of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, who is near-sighted, began a handkerchief flirtation with what he thought a beautiful young lady in the street; but on coming nearer it proved to be his mother.

SOME one ill-naturedly says that the reason why very young girls are so apt to take the prizes at fairs for making good bread is because their mothers make it for them, while the older girls, thinking they can manage alone, fail miserably.

The Boston Post is responsible for the following on the marriage of Thomas Hawk to Miss S. J. Dove:—

"It isn't often that you see  
So queer a kind of love.  
Oh, what a savage he must be,  
To Tommy Hawk & Dove."

THE ROMANCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—A photographer says:—"We often take a picture of a young lady, sometimes a group of two; then the bride in her wedding dress, with its long train; then in due time the baby—first in its long clothes, then in its short ones, then in its first trousers, then as he goes away from 'ma' to boarding school; when he cultivates his first moustache and whiskers; then his intended, and again on through the same routine. So you see the romance."

A married woman in San Francisco has lately been trying to make a prodigal son of herself. She ran away with another man, and after enjoying a season of good time, her paramour sipped, and she suddenly came to her senses. She resolved to go right back to her husband and tell him just how men the fellow had used her. She saw no signs of a fatted calf being killed, but, on the contrary, there was a wedding going on at the house. Her husband had obtained a divorce, and was taking another chance in the lottery of life. She says she has lost all faith in these men—just as soon as you leave them for a little while, they will get mad.

## OUR PUZZLER.

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.  
A comic journal full of wit and jest,  
Proudly it towers over all the rest;  
No ribald libel stains its honored pages;  
May its bright star sparkle and shine for ages.

1. A famous man well known in Spain.
2. A Swiss canton; find out its name.
3. He led the Greeks before fair Troy.
4. A domestic pet, an old maid's joy.
5. One of the sons of bold Rob Roy.

JOHN S. FEAST.

## 20. ANAGRAMS.

1. Life rewon! Death spared Walter C. B.
2. Longing to discover T.
3. I write handy dramas, L. E. L.
4. Her sly, true chat, K.
5. He likes radio (a), R.
6. The bonds—a rich lord.
7. R draws deer in dales.
8. H. R. H. daring sailor prince feels shy.
9. Let not Disraeli mawl a W. G.
10. Speak, war in Catholicism.

W. GODDARD.

## 21. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is Broddingnag like Olympus? 2. Why should riddlers like the letter P?

T. PINDER AND PIP C. WEE.

## 22. SQUARE WORDS.

1. Acid; a tree; to bring out; running matches; a town in France.
2. Confidence; a horseman; a town in Lombardy; a river in Belgium; large plants.
3. A turner's tool; tapestry; a bundle of hay; to hurry; an English county.

R. W. D.

## 23. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A man whose fame will never die  
The finals call to mind;  
And primals, when you pass them by,  
One of his works you find.

1. The schoolboy stays in doors with grief.
2. A neighboring race, 'tis my belief.
3. This is the name of my lady fair.
4. She's bright blue eyes, and so dea hair.
5. A German wine, I understand.
6. To worship highly in the land.
7. If I had those, how happy I'd be.
8. I've heard this of the bright blue sea.
9. This is to fancy, scheme, contrive.
10. To meditate, or pass between;

Now the acrostic will be seen.

MADEIRA G.

## ANSWERS.

15. BURNING PROVERBS.—Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.
16. ENIGMA.—The letter L.
17. CHARADE.—Deathless.
18. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Barrow, Ure, Oesel, Natal, Altai, Pekin, Alfort, Resort, Toronto, Elgin, Buonaparte—WELLINGTON.

## "ONLY WASTE-PAPER."

"Only waste-paper!"—for the manly hand  
That traced the lines upon the faded page  
Has long since mouldered, on that foreign shore  
Whereon 'twas cast by ocean's furious rage.

"Only waste-paper?" yet the father's heart  
Poured out its love upon the surface clear,  
And from the far-off shore of India, sent  
Affection's message to his children here.

"Only waste-paper?"—though the mother's tears  
Have rained upon the once pure snowy sheet,  
As, thinking of the loved but absent one,  
She weaved, counting Time's slow, lagging beat.

"Only waste-paper?"—for dreary, dreary months—  
As sped this letter o'er the ocean's foam.  
How prayed for, by the sailor's anxious wife,  
The glad tidings: "Our passage home."

## GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

### PART THE FIRST.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?"  
The speaker was a lady, tall and slight, with  
a figure that was shown to great advantage by  
a simple, flowing, black serge dress, neither too  
short nor too long, and a dark grey waterproof  
cloak, which hung in graceful folds about her.  
She wore a small black hat, and black gauze  
veil thrown back. A neat tie of blue ribbon  
round her throat showed that she was not in  
mourning, and there was an air of self-dependence,  
a quiet placid look that almost told what  
she was—a district visitor.

The man she addressed was a wagoner, who  
forthwith jumped down from his perilous seat  
on the shafts, pulled up his horses with a jerk,  
and with such politeness as might be expected  
from him, answered his interrogator with these  
words:—

"What d'ye say?"  
"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?"  
the lady repeated; and this time she tapped her  
foot with her umbrella a little impatiently.

"Ardy," echoed the man, leaning on his whip  
with one hand, and scratching his head with the  
other, by way of assisting his memory. "Ardy;  
widow woman—longish family?"

"No," replied Miss Forrester, "I know she is  
not a widow; she is ill; she has been hurt by  
Farmer Johnson's cow."

"Oh! her"—and the man grinned—"Bill 'Ar-  
dy's wife; it must have been a brave beast  
as 'ud meddle w' her; ha, ha, ha!" and  
chuckling, he pointed down the lane. "She do  
live in that there cot—the red 'un; and fine mis-  
chief do go on there, I count;" then reseating  
himself, he cracked his whip and went on his  
way.

Miss Forrester was almost sorry she asked  
the question. She had rather rejoiced that suf-  
fering gave her an excuse for a first visit, for  
however much it may be a duty, it is not al-  
ways agreeable to knock promiscuously at  
strangers' doors, when not by any means sure  
of a welcome.

It was early in November, about four o'clock  
in the afternoon, and the shades of evening  
were gathering. Nevertheless it was a pleasant  
time to be out; some rain had fallen, and the  
clouds were chasing each other quickly through  
the sky, driven by a soft south wind; and she  
was accompanied by a large mastiff of the Py-  
renean breed.

"I did fly very well, but I lighted bad," was  
the graphic account given by Mrs. Hardy of the  
accident, when questioned by her visitor; "and  
taint very often as I do go out nowhere, with  
all these terrifyin' children. Give out, Annie,  
coming so close to the lady, and she a stranger.  
The dog 'll bite ye sure!"

"No, he won't, Mrs. Hardy," and Miss For-  
rester laid her hand upon the huge head.

"I do like to see people as is fond of dumb  
critturs," remarked the invalid, in a querulous  
tone; "some can't seem to starve and ill-use  
'em; but my husband can. Now, that there  
cat"—and she pointed to a thin, wizened crea-  
ture that was crouching under the clock, with  
eyes all pupil, staring at the dog—"he'll turn  
'im out, bless ye!"

"Hush, mother," interrupted a tall, stout,  
surly-looking girl, with red hair, who had hith-  
erto remained silent. "Father don't starve  
and ill-use the cat, no more than you do beat  
and starve me, when ye've got a mind."

"I can't give you what I haven't got, and I'd  
as soon ye were out of this, earnin' ye're own  
bread, as idling here, and sooner."

"I don't want to bite at home," retorted the  
girl, sulkily; "and 'tis allus father this, and fa-  
ther t'other, when we shouldn't have nothin' to  
eat some days if 'tweren't for he."

"If ye could find a place for our Jenny,  
ma'am, I should be gl'ad," said the woman, tak-  
ing no notice of her daughter's words. "She's  
just about a good 'un to work, if she'll keep a  
civil tongue in her head; where she do get her  
sarc from I don't know, nor where she do learn  
it."

Miss Forrester smiled. She promised to do  
her best, but she thought she could give a pretty  
shrewd guess from whom it was inherited; and  
quite agreed in the mother's opinion that the  
girl would be better away.

She had scarcely left the cottage after paying  
her visit, when she encountered a big, burly  
man like a "navvy;" he had a scowling, dogged  
expression of face, small ferret-like eyes, thick  
lips, and whiskers and beard all in one of coarse  
reddish brown. He was in a dirty working  
dress, and had a black and white tie, loosely  
knotted about a thick, muscular throat. Miss  
Forrester was half inclined to turn back; even  
the trusty, well-schooled "Lion" gave a low  
growl, and bristled up.

The man stopped, and looking at the dog, re-  
marked, "A rum customer, that, to come across  
of a dark night."

"Yes," replied his mistress, timidly, and the  
thought crossed her mind, "You're another,"  
but she nerved herself to the interview, and  
substituted "What is your name?"

"Bill Hardy, if ye do want to know," was the  
reply, and the man stalked off toward his  
home.

His first act on entering the house was—not  
to inquire after his sick wife, who was huddled  
up in the chimney-corner, with her leg on a  
rickety chair, by way of a sofa—but to walk up  
the crazy staircase to his own bed-room, which  
was a low, dilapidated-looking apartment, with  
light peeping in through sundry crevices where  
it should not, and in which were three wooden  
bedsteads. Raising the mattress upon one of  
these, he drew forth a large and somewhat tat-  
tered net. "Mother!" he shouted.

"I can't come up the stairs, I tell ye," was  
the answer to the summons from below; "the  
pain do go right d'roo my leg if I do move 'un,  
and I ain't a-comin'."

Upon which a heavy, blundering step de-  
scended the stairs, and throwing the net down,  
the man exclaimed, "If that lazy wench, Jenny,  
don't mend their holes afore midnight, it will be  
the wus for her;" and the speech was flavored  
with an oath.

"Father, take I up," pleaded a little piping  
voice, while two fat, dimpled arms clasped the  
man's leg, "give I kiss."

The father looked down into the little chubby  
and not over-clean face, with its innocent blue  
eyes and rose-bud mouth, and softened. He  
lifted the little three-year-old in his arms,  
kissed the warm cheek that hid itself in his  
neck, and the ferocious, hardened look on his  
face melted away.

A loud knocking at the door disturbed Bill  
Hardy in his parental demonstrations, and has-  
tily putting down the child, he admitted a short,  
thickset, jovial-looking man, who in his own  
rough way, courteously acknowledge the wife's  
presence; and then a whispered conversation of  
some duration took place between the two  
men; they were evidently making some ap-  
pointment.

"The moon won't be up afore," said the new-  
comer, raising the latch as he spoke.

"All right," replied Hardy; "but stop and  
have a bit of supper, Jim."

"Not to-night, thank ye; the missus and the  
young 'uns is looking out at home," and he took  
his departure.

"We'll have a better supper nor this to-mor-  
row night, please the pigs," said Hardy, taking  
his place at the frugal board.

A large dish of potatoes smoked in the centre,  
cooked as only cottagers can cook them, and  
from which emanated in some mysterious way  
a strong savor of onions.

"This ain't much for a man to come home to,  
after a hard day's work—nothin' but taters;  
we'll better this to-morrow, mother, or my  
name ain't Bill."

"Take care what ye're at," answered his  
wife, testily; "ye'll get catched some of these  
days."

"Not without a fight for it, ye may take ye're  
oath of that."

"The new visitor do want these here children  
to go to school," said Mrs. Hardy, wisely chang-  
ing the subject.

"Then the 'visitor' had better pay for 'em,  
and find the clothes to send 'em in; I ain't a-  
going to. What's the good of larnin'? Jack do  
make a few pence bird-keeping, and Molly's  
got enough to do to look after this 'ere chap;"  
and the softer look crossed the father's face  
once more, as he laid his hand tenderly on the  
curly golden head—a hand that would be raised  
to-morrow, should opportunity offer, for the  
commission of any deed of daring, or of crime.

"So don't let's hear no more about schoolin';  
there's too many on 'em to do nothin'; and  
don't let that there spy of the parson's be hang-  
ing about here, prying her nose into what don't  
concern her."

Then, supper being finished, he got up from  
his chair, swore lustily at a stool which crossed  
his passage to the door, and went out, to spend  
at the public-house a good portion of the time  
which must yet intervene before he could com-  
mence his poaching pursuits.

Bill Hardy was always welcome at these  
nightly assemblies, where the affairs of the  
parish and the neighborhood were discussed  
quite as hotly as educated men discuss the af-  
fairs of the nation. His indomitable daring and  
courage made him an object of admiration,  
added to which he had worked for many years  
in the neighborhood of London, and had seen  
the world. Ill-natured rumor hinted that he  
had travelled a great deal farther than that at  
Her Majesty's expense.

More than a month had passed away. It was  
the depth of winter.

Many of the inhabitants of the village of Sef-  
ton lay wrapped in peaceful slumber; but at one  
cottage there was a solitary watcher.

It was at Bill Hardy's. The children had  
been in their beds long ago; a few melancholy  
embers of the fire were still lingering in the ill-  
kept grate. Mrs. Hardy's chair was vacant; ay,  
and her bed too, for the matter of that. She  
was in the churchyard, sleeping sounder than  
her little ones, even with the clanging of the  
bells so close to her.

Jenny, her representative in the home now,  
had been standing at the half-open door, on tip-  
toe, with her fingers to her lips—listening.

She could just distinguish, in the far distance,  
the well-known step she had been waiting for.  
It was coming so swiftly: what could have hap-

pened? Her heart beat high, and then stood  
still with terror, as her father, his face haggard  
in the moonlight, came up the garden with rap-  
id strides, and pushed by her roughly.

"Money, Jenny! all you have, girl! I'm off  
to Lunnou; the beaks 'll be after me afore morn-  
ing!"

The girl was equal to the occasion; with  
trembling hands, yet without a question or a  
moment's delay, she took something wrapped  
in a bit of dirty newspaper from a tea-caddy,  
the receptacle for all treasures, and put it into  
his hand. "That's all, father," she said.

Hardy snatched it eagerly, and turned to de-  
part; but, by an impulse stronger than even  
personal safety, he ran up-stairs—snatched his  
youngest boy in his rough arms—and, with a  
heavy sob, kissed and blessed him, and laid him  
softly down again. Then, almost in the same  
breath muttering a curse at his unlucky fate, he  
threw the money upon the coverlid, and was  
down-stairs again. "I couldn't take the last  
mouthful of bread from the young 'un," he  
said; "take care of him, Jenny," and then he  
was gone.

The affrighted girl sank upon the floor, and  
hiding her face in her hands as she leant against  
the comfortless wooden chair, sobbed aloud.  
Perhaps he would come back, she thought, and  
face it. She imagined she understood it all. He  
had been caught poaching, and he was in dan-  
ger, so had fled. She would fain have followed  
him, for with all the devotion of her untrained  
heart she loved the bad, hard man—hard to all  
save one—but she did not dare. He might come  
back; she would wait, and watch. But she was  
young, had worked hard all day, and nature as-  
serted itself. When two policemen, at five in  
the morning, lifted the latch of the cottage-door,  
Jenny was sleeping soundly.

The footsteps aroused her, and she was on her  
feet in a second, with the recollection of all that  
had happened clear before her.

"Where's your father?" said the foremost of  
the two men, peremptorily.

"Gone to work," replied the girl, stoutly.

"No, no, my lass, none of that; ye've been  
a-lookin' for him afore we came here; he's hid-  
ing somewhere, but I'll lay a guinea we'll un-  
earth him."

"So you may, and welcome," retorted the  
girl, saucily; "ye may take every inch of him  
as ye'll find here."

The two men then proceeded to search the  
house and its surroundings; one going to the  
bed-rooms, whilst the other examined every  
corner and cupboard below, as though he ex-  
pected to find a mouse rather than a man con-  
cealed in them.

Jenny Hardy stood where they had left her,  
never moving, until a terrified scream from the  
children up-stairs recalled her to herself. Then  
like a tigress she was bounding to the rescue,  
but the policeman who was descending took her  
coaxingly by the arm, and led her down again.  
"Come now," he said, "don't be frightened,  
my dear; tell us where he's off to—we ain't go-  
ing to hurt him."

"Ain't ye, though?" laughed the young girl,  
incredulously. Then suddenly she clasped her  
hands together tightly, and looking eagerly in  
the speaker's face, whispered, "What d'ye want  
with him? What ill has he done?"

The policeman bent his head closer to her,  
and lowered his voice a little, as he pronounced  
one word, "Murder."

Afterwards, when Jenny went up-stairs—  
heavily, for years seemed to have passed over  
her in those few minutes—she found Joe, the  
father's darling, sobbing and shivering, stripped  
of the little ragged night-shirt she had put on  
him the night before; and on the pillow where  
the curly head had rested, was a stain that made  
her shudder.

### PART THE SECOND.

It was one of the visiting days at St.  
Thomas' Hospital, London. About two years  
had elapsed since the fatal night when, in a  
desperate poaching affray, Sir Michael For-  
rester's keeper had been brutally murdered.

Two of the gang had been apprehended and  
imprisoned, but from evidence given by the un-  
der-keeper, it was decided that the cruel death-  
blows, inflicted with the butt-end of a gun, were  
dealt by the ring-leader, Bill Hardy; but hith-  
erto all efforts to capture him had proved un-  
availing.

Now, after the lapse of two years, the untrif-  
ling detectives were on his track.

Some few weeks since, a robbery was com-  
mitted in a house at Westminster, and suspi-  
cion rested upon a man who was mysteriously  
found lying in the street very early in the morn-  
ing, with his thigh fractured and his head a  
good deal cut. He was supposed to have fallen  
from the roof of a house, and, on being con-  
veyed to the hospital, either could not or would  
not give any account of himself, and refused to  
give his name for a considerable time. For the  
present, a any rate, he was safe; but the  
police kept a watch.

For a week or two, no one came. Then a  
young girl made her appearance, asked for  
"John Smith," and each visiting day never  
failed to come.

At this particular juncture, information was  
conveyed to the detective in London, by the  
police at Sefton, that Jane Hardy was missing  
from her home; and, further, that she had gone  
away suddenly, telling no one where she was  
going, but giving a few shillings to a neighbor,  
to look after the children during her absence.

On inquiry, it was found that she had walked  
to the station, and taken a ticket to London.

Once more the detective warms to his work.



Now he will find out if Jane Hardy and the girl who visits the supposed burglar are identical.

At three o'clock on a certain Thursday afternoon in February, the passage leading to the accident ward at St. Thomas' was thronged with the friends of the various patients. A man in plain, dark clothes, who was the first to arrive, stood patiently by the porter, asking for no one, and not attempting to pass. He watched every face, and listened to every name, but learned nothing to help him. When all had gone in, he said he was only a general visitor, wishing to see no one in particular, and passed on.

It was not the first time he had been in the ward, and he knew his man. At first he walked about carelessly, lingering by those patients who had no one to see them, but finally he halted by the bedside of the sufferer next to the one he was interested in, with his back turned to him, and tried to listen — tried, for there is nothing so difficult as to overhear a conversation when you may not look; and he only gathered a word here and there.

At last he turned boldly round, and took a good look at the girl.

She did not in any one particular answer to the description of Jane Hardy.

Maybe she was a messenger sent by one who was afraid to come herself; and, nothing daunted, the detective passed out of the building, and concealed himself behind a pillar near the entrance resolved to follow the girl wherever she should go.

By-and-by she came quickly out, looked nervously to the right and left, and then walked rapidly away, crossed Westminster Bridge, went on by the Thames Embankment to the Metropolitan Railway, and took a ticket to Notting Hill. Her unknown follower did so also, and got into the same carriage. On arrival at her destination, she walked on again for about a mile and then entered a public house. The detective went in also, watched her as she walked into the bar, asked for paper and pen and ink, sat down, wrote a letter, walked out again, and passing a pillar-box, posted it. By this time the evening was drawing in.

The girl evidently knew that she was watched. She turned about hesitatingly, then went back to the same public-house, and engaged a bed.

The police officer, feeling more certain than ever that this was a new move to elude detection, saw her go up to the room assigned to her, then calling for a glass of beer, he took up a position in the bar which commanded a view of the staircase, and drawing a pipe from his pocket, smoked away complacently.

When the hour came for the house to be closed for the night, he went out; and now loitering about, now leaning against some railings opposite the house, now sitting down on the door-step, he passed the time until morning.

About six o'clock his patience was rewarded. The same figure reappeared, and walked away more swiftly than ever, after the night's repose. Away, past the neat little villas, with their trim gardens; the only break in the morning's stillness being the distant shriek of an engine, or the rattle of the milk-man's can, or a maid half asleep still, shaking her mat outside the door of her master's dwelling. "Where on earth is she going to?" thought the detective, when suddenly she turned a corner, and quick as lightning jumped into an open trap, and drove away.

"Done, by Jove!" ejaculated the detective, as he stared vacantly after the gradually disappearing vehicle. "She's an artful one, and no mistake!"

Then he walked moodily on, thinking over the events of the previous day. The letter the girl had written was doubtless to tell those who were in her secret that she was watched, and to plan the means for her escape which had succeeded so admirably.

The country-town of Golderby is astir, revelling in one of its few gaieties; for the spring as-sizes are coming on, and the judges have just made their triumphal entry.

There are not many cases on the list this time — three only. One of embezzlement by a banker's clerk; another, of wilfully setting fire to a dwelling-house by a woman; and the third, the one upon which all interest is concentrated, the trial of William Hardy for the wilful murder of Robert Kenyon, gamekeeper.

At ten o'clock on the morning after the arrival of the judges, the court is crowded. Policemen guarding the steps leading to the doors have declared that only jurors and witnesses are to pass, but those who are neither wedge their way in nevertheless, and the galleries are full.

When his lordship is seated, the usual formulae are gone through; lawyers present little folded papers, which are received with the customary stereotyped bow and smile. The case of embezzlement, which comes first, is soon disposed of.

The incendiary case is also quickly dispatched; the culprit, to the relief of all pleads "Guilty," and thus leaves only sentence to be pronounced.

Then comes the longed-for moment, and amidst almost breathless stillness the magistrate's clerk, at a sign from one of the judges, reads out the indictment against William Hardy.

Then the stillness gives place to a general commotion, as the prisoner, with a policeman on either side of him, takes his place at the bar. All those spectators who are seated at the back press forward to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate man — unfortunate at this dreadful moment, whatever may be his crime.

Taken at last!

No sooner have the doctors declared him able to leave the hospital, than the police pounce upon him, arresting him on the charge of being an accomplice in the burglary at Westminster; and while in custody, some of the inhabitants of Sefton are taken to the prison, and each swears that, though he has in many ways disguised himself, he is none other than Bill Hardy.

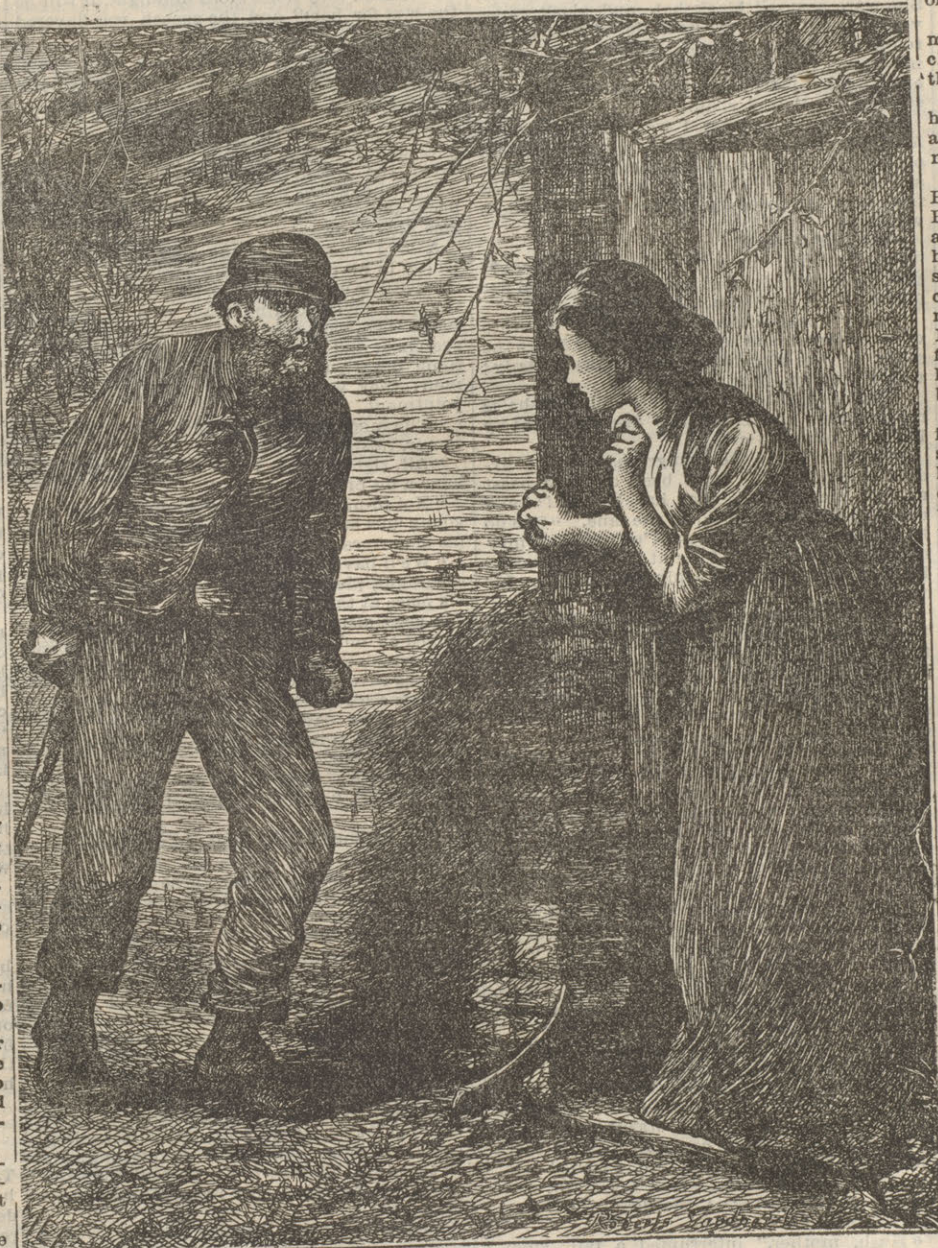
The clerk of arraigns addresses the prisoner, telling him that he is accused of the double crime of murder and burglary, to both of which indictments he pleads "Not Guilty," and then the trial for the wilful murder of Robert Kenyon proceeds.

The first witness is the under-keeper, who states that about half-past eleven o'clock on the night of the 31st of December, he, in company with the head-keeper and two more watchers, was in the woods. They heard a hare squeak, and on going to the spot found four men, all of whom were well known, especially Hardy, who was a most notorious poacher. A violent struggle ensued; witness saw the deceased beaten down into the ditch at the beginning of the affray by two men, of whom Hardy was one. Witness and the watchers succeeded in capturing one of the poachers, and were struggling

Jane Hardy, daughter of the prisoner, is next called. She gives her evidence most unwillingly and hesitatingly. She was asleep, she said, when her father came in, and did not remark what time it was; did not remember that he was agitated; he frequently came in, and went out again; she thought nothing of it, he may have been in the habit of poaching, but not more than many of his neighbors; he occasionally brought in a rabbit; forgot if he went out again directly or not; knew he went up-stairs; did not see him again from that night for two years, though he frequently sent her money, sometimes two pounds at a time.

The prisoner maintains all this while the same half-sullen look upon his face, occasionally smiling to himself as the evidence fails to point to him as the man who actually struck the fatal blows. He knows the clothes he wore that night cannot be produced against him. If they could, maybe it would go hard with him, but they cannot. Without proof, how can he be found guilty? —and he knows now that there is none. They may imprison or even transport him for the poaching business, or for the burglary, but they cannot take away his life. They have no proof.

No proof?



"HIS FACE HAGGARD IN THE MOONLIGHT."

with another, when witness received a blow with a heavy instrument at the back of his head, which half stunned him, and he fell. He distinctly heard the sound of blows in the direction where Kenyon was lying, and a voice which he could swear was William Hardy's, say, "I've finished him." When witness recovered himself, Hardy and one another had decamped, and the other two were captured. Shortly afterwards the police who chanced to be at Sefton Court, on duty (as there was a ball going on), arrived at the spot, and assisted in carrying Kenyon to his home; but he was quite dead, his skull having been battered in with the butt-end of a gun which was found in the ditch close to him. Witness has not the smallest doubt that William Hardy was the murderer.

On being cross-examined as to whether he could swear that he saw William Hardy strike the deceased, he says, "No."

Was the gun with which the wounds were inflicted, Hardy's? "No, it was the keeper's own gun; the poachers had no fire-arms with them that he was aware of."

Can he swear to William Hardy's voice? He says, "Yes."

Can he assert upon his oath that the words which Hardy had used were "I have finished him," or might they have been "We have finished him," or "You have finished him?" Witness cannot positively swear.

The police constable who examined the cottage is now brought forward, and again there is a commotion in court. He is known to be an important witness. His evidence is as follows:—

The cottage-door was ajar when he reached it, and the girl was sleeping on the floor, dressed, with her head leaning against a chair, as if something unusual had occurred. It had been snowing outside, and there were traces of nailed boots and snow upon the kitchen floor, and up the stairs. Witness had followed the tracks, hoping to discover that the man had concealed himself in the bed-room, but there was no trace of him beyond a small bed in the corner of the room, in which a boy of about three years old was asleep. On holding a lighted candle to the bed, he discovered that the breast of the child's night-dress was stained slightly with blood; there was a stain on one shoulder, and on one side of the head, as if it had been pressed against something that had blood on it. There was no scratch upon the child's body anywhere from whence the marks could have proceeded. Witness had quietly cut off the lock of hair, and also taken possession of the night-dress, awakening the child in so doing. He had naturally been excessively terrified, and was moreover too young to be questioned.

Here the night-dress and two curly rings of flaxen hair are produced. Time has in some

measure erased the stains, but yet they are there.

No sooner are these two things brought forward, than the prisoner suddenly stretches forth his hands, gives a cry rather than a groan, and exclaims—

"O God! who'd ha' thought as my boy 'ud hang me!"

Many present are moved to tears at this piteous cry, from the man whose condemnation five minutes before they have been thirsting for.

It appears too that the incident gives a new impetus to the counsel, for never was a prisoner's cause more eloquently pleaded.

He represents to the jury that the blood upon the clothes was, under the circumstances, nothing. It might have come there in the struggle, long before the death-blow was dealt. In fact, the whole evidence of the witness Butler is most vague. Could it be easy positively to identify any one in the uncertain moonlight, under cover of a dense thicket? And as for the evidence of the voice, could they condemn him upon that? When a man was stunned, could he be certain of anything? All this, and much more, he urges upon the jury, and then they withdraw. In an incredibly short space of time they re-enter the court, and amidst the breathless excitement of all present, give their verdict of "Not guilty."

William Hardy is acquitted of the crime of murder, but he is found guilty on the second charge of being an accomplice in the burglary that had been committed at Westminster.

Even in this instance the evidence against him fails to prove that he was a principal actor, and he is sentenced to six months' imprisonment only.

Now the punishment also is over, and a new Bill Hardy has returned to his native village. Prison fare and prison discipline, after such an accident as befel the man previous to his trial, have thoroughly broken down the once iron constitution, and a miserable, disabled wreck crouches over the same old cottage hearth once more. He will not poach again, for he cannot. He will not quarrel with or swear at his wife, for he has none. He will not in softer moments lift the little Joe upon his knee, for the boy has been dead six weeks.

Often during the two years of exile, spent half in concealment and idleness, half in reckless sin, Hardy was recommended to go to the colonies and start in a new life unknown. But he could not go. So long as he could send something to Jenny, he knew his youngest darling would not starve.

Many days during the weary hours of imprisonment, he almost felt he should die, but for the one thought of seeing his boy once more—the only creature on earth he ever really loved.

The knowledge that he returned a convicted felon, with the stain of a grave suspicion upon him, did not trouble him. He had escaped hanging, a fate which amply satisfied his conscience. Home in his mind was Joe, and for him he would live.

But Joe had been run over by a wagon, and killed on the spot, and when Hardy came home that was the news he heard.

The clergyman of the parish visits him occasionally, but to him he is either sullen or actually rude; so the rector has thought it wiser to leave him a great deal to Miss Forrester, whom he will see and talk to, because Jenny tells him that she taught Joe his letters, and that he loved her.

Six weeks after his return Bill Hardy is lying on his bed, propped up with pillows, no longer strong, nor burly, nor ferocious, but wasted almost to a shadow, and the lamp of life is burning low.

Miss Forrester is sitting by the bed-side. She has been reading. Jenny is sobbing in a corner, and the children are down-stairs, very miserable indeed, wishing they could have their dinners, or go out to play, and—if truth must be told—feeling heartily sorry that father ever came back.

Hardy is whispering something to Miss Forrester, and suddenly she falls upon her knees beside him, and murmurs some words inaudible save to the dying man.

Then he speaks louder than at first.

"Tain't no use to peach upon me, miss, in this world; I'll be at another bar afore long, and the Judge as is there knows."

Again she answers him in a low, soothing voice, still upon her knees, and he replies—

"Ay, 'tain't no good to plead 'Not guilty' there."

Then there is silence for a few moments, and when Hardy speaks again the words are difficult of utterance, but Miss Forrester understands.

"D'ye know, miss, I do think, and think, as I lies here, as there 'll be a counsel a-pleadin' for me then, as the Lord 'll hear, and that's Joe. When I come in that night with the blood upon me, and stood at that there bed, with the innocent baby in my arms, I wished I hadn't ha' done it. Tears come to my eyes with the wishin', and I says, for the first time in all my bad life, 'God forgive me!' and I do think as praps Joe know'd it, and 'll tell it up there, and 'twill do some'ut for me. And now the trial's a-comin' on again, miss, and I looks to Joe and you. The Lord knows as I'm guilty, but ye'll tell Him as I'm sorry for't—I'm sorry for't."

They were the last words William Hardy spoke on earth.